

THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

ALL

NO. 11 WINTER
ISSUE 10¢

WINNERS

COMICS



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Amazing!"**



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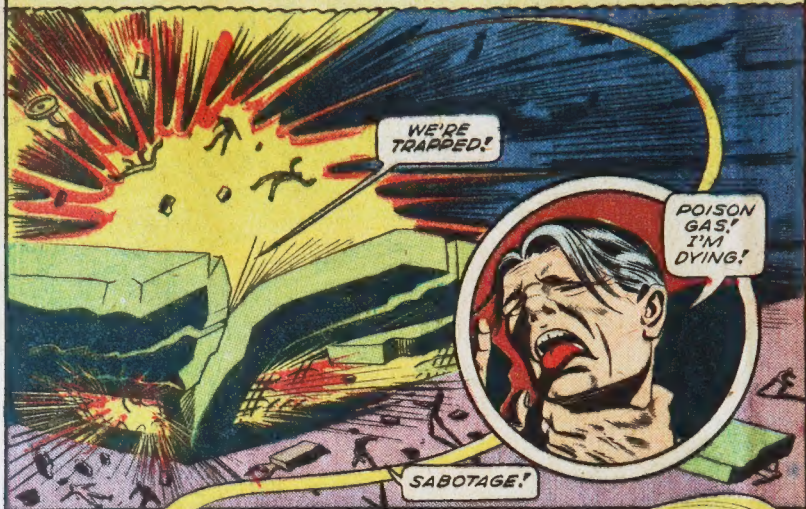
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THE HUMAN TORCH

FOLLOW THE DANGEROUS, ADVENTURE--PACKED
TRAIL AS TORCH AND TORD STALK THE--
"SKY DEMONS OVER AMERICA!"



OUT OF THE NIGHT, STARK TRAGEDY STRIKES SWIFTLY! SUDDENLY... A DEFENSE PLANT BECOMES A RAGING INFERNO.....

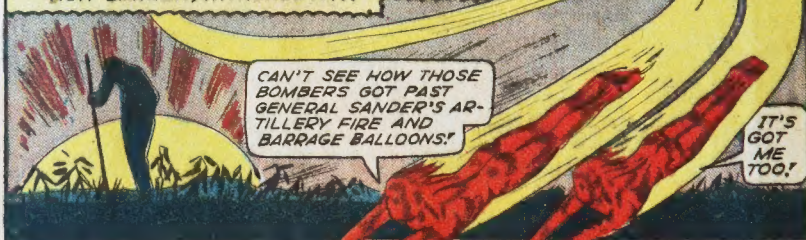


WE'RE TRAPPED!

**POISON GAS!
I'M DYING!**

SABOTAGE!

ONCE THRILLING NEW JERSEY FARM, IS NOW BARREN, WITHERED.....



CAN'T SEE HOW THOSE BOMBERS GOT PAST GENERAL SANDER'S ARTILLERY FIRE AND BARRAGE BALLOONS!

IT'S GOT ME TOO!

FORD SANDERS, BRILLIANT GENERAL IN COMMAND OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY, GIVES THE FLAME FLYERS AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT!

SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT ANYTHING BEYOND THE RANGE OF OUR SEARCH-LIGHT BATTERIES! REPORT YOUR FINDINGS DIRECTLY TO ME!

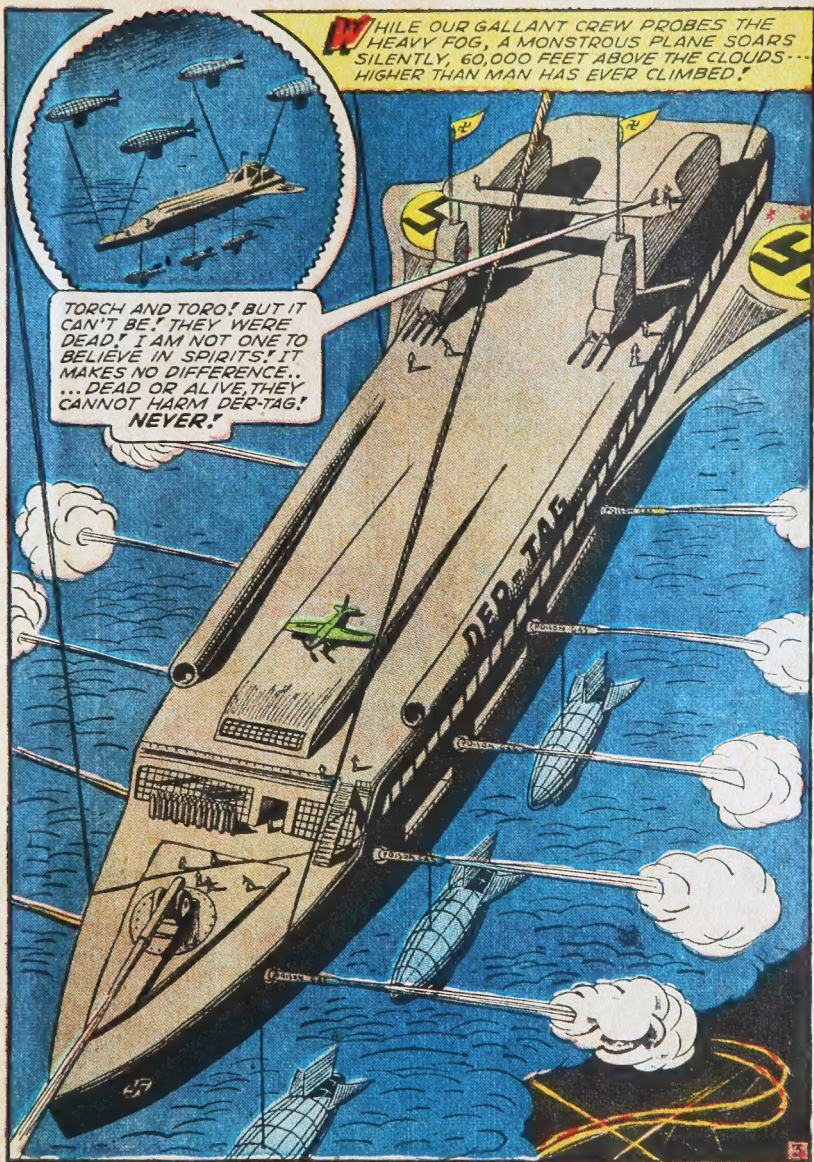
CAN YOU MAKE IT OUT, TORCH? BOMBS, POISON GAS--BUT NO ENEMY PLANES---

THIS IS SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE IN BLACK MAGIC AND VOOODOOISM!



WHILE OUR GALLANT CREW PROBES THE HEAVY FOG, A MONSTROUS PLANE SOARS SILENTLY, 60,000 FEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS... HIGHER THAN MAN HAS EVER CLIMBED!

TORCH AND TORO! BUT IT CAN'T BE! THEY WERE DEAD! I AM NOT ONE TO BELIEVE IN SPIRITS! IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE... DEAD OR ALIVE, THEY CANNOT HARM DER-TAG! NEVER!



HERR HAWK, CRAFTY, CUNNING DESIGNER
OF THIS FLYING BOAT, GLOATS EVILY....

I, THE HAWK, HAVE
CREATED THE GREATEST
WEAPON IN HISTORY--
A BOAT PLANE
THAT CAN DESTROY--
DESTROY!!

DER-TAG IS SAFE FROM
DETECTION! NOW TO MOVE
ON TO PARALYZE AMERICA
WITH FIRE, BOMBS, EXPLO-
SIONS, GAS--TO DRY UP
HER RESERVOIRS---TO
CRIPPLE AND KILL!!

THE DARING DUO RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS
WHILE THE IMPENETRABLE SKY WRAITH
CONTINUES ITS UNHOLLY MISSION....

THOSE KILLERS HAVE
WON THE FIRST ROUND,
BUT--I KNOW,
TORCH, YOU
COULDN'T
FIND A THING!

NO! BUT
I'VE GOT
AN
IDEA!

TELL US
ABOUT
IT, TORCH!
EVERY
IDEA
HELPS!

IN ORDER TO RECONSTRUCT
THE PICTURE, I'LL HAVE TO
GO INTO A LENGTHY STORY!

".... ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO, J. EDGAR HOOVER CALLED TORO AND ME INTO HIS
OFFICE AND TOLD US VITAL WAR MATERIALS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARING--
HE ASKED US TO COOPERATE WITH F.B.I. --- WITH NO CLUES TO GUIDE US, WE
WERE FLAMING BACK TO OUR HOTEL, WHEN, FLYING OVER LONG ISLAND ---"

HEAR ANYTHING, TORO?
SOUNDS LIKE A WIRELESS
TO ME--LISTEN!

NO, I CAN'T
HEAR A
THING!

"NEVERTHELESS,
I WAS CERTAIN I
HEARD THE SOUNDS
OF A WIRELESS. I
DECIDED TO
INVESTIGATE ---"

WELL, I'LL
BE--- YOU'RE
RIGHT, TORCH. IT
IS A WIRELESS!

WE'VE
STEPPED
INTO SOME-
THING--BUT WHAT?

"WE WERE ALMOST CERTAIN THAT WE HAD STUMBLED UPON A LAWLESS STATION, BUT THERE WAS ALSO THE POSSIBILITY THAT IT WAS GOVERNMENT OPERATED!"

THIS MIGHT BE A SECRET GOVERNMENT STATION --- NEVER CAN TELL --- WE'LL MAKE CERTAIN --

LOOK!! TORCH!

"THROUGH THE ATTIC WINDOW, WE SAW A SCENE THAT CONVINCED US WE HAD STUMBLED ACROSS A NEST OF NAZIS! WE WORKED FAST ---"

SEND THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR FUEHRER!

YOU HAVE ONLY TEMPORARILY POSTPONED DER TAG!



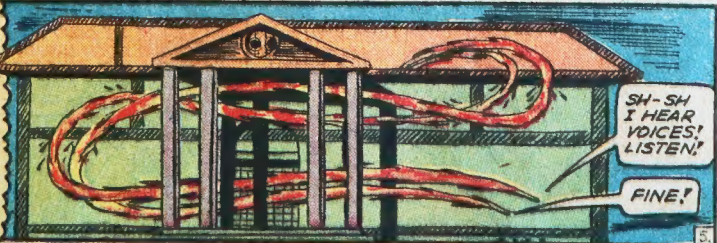
"WHILE WE WERE BUSY GIVING THE NAZIS A GOOD BELTING, THE HAWK, WHOM WE LEARNED WAS THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT WHISPERED--"

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO HANS? NOTHING MUST STOP US!

THEY WILL DIE BEFORE THEY LEARN ANYTHING ELSE!

"SUDDENLY --- AS IF BY MAGIC --- THE NAZIS DISAPPEARED THROUGH SLIDING PANELS AND TRAP DOORS; WE FLAMED RIGHT THROUGH THE FLOOR ---"

"WE MADE A THOROUGH SEARCH, VIRTUALLY WRECKING THE MANSION BUT COULD FIND NO TRACE OF THE NAZIS, THEN ---"



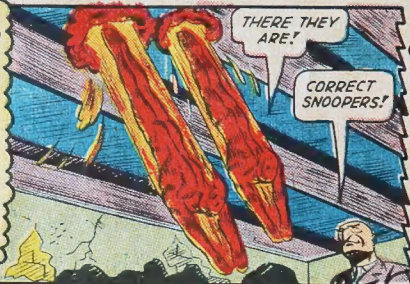
SH-SH I HEAR VOICES! LISTEN!

FINE!

"THEY ARE BITING, BOYS," WE HEARD THE HAWK SAY. "HANS, AS SOON AS WE GET RID OF THEM, SEE IF YOU CAN REPAIR THE RADIO! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP IN CONTACT WITH 'DER-TAG!'"



"WE WERE GLAD WE HAD DESTROYED THEIR RADIO, BUT WERE PUZZLED BY REFERENCE TO 'DER-TAG,' AND DECIDED TO LOSE NO TIME IN LOCATING THOSE WILY RATS-----"



"JUST AS WE WERE MAKING A CIRCLE OF FLAME TO HOLD THEM, THEY DISAPPEARED AGAIN! WE HEARD A PANEL IN THE FLOOR SLAM-----"

I SAW THAT PANEL CLOSE! COME ON, BOY!

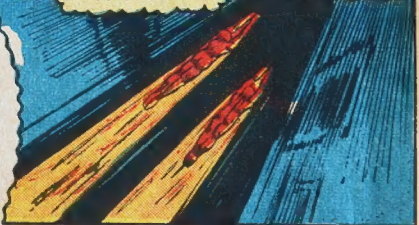


"FLAMING THROUGH THE FLOOR, WE SAW THE HAWK AT THE END OF A LONG HALLWAY!"

SO LONG, YOU SUPER SLEUTHS!



"WE STREAKED AFTER THE HAWK AND HIS MEN! AGAIN THEY ELUDED US --- THEN --- WITHOUT WARNING ---"



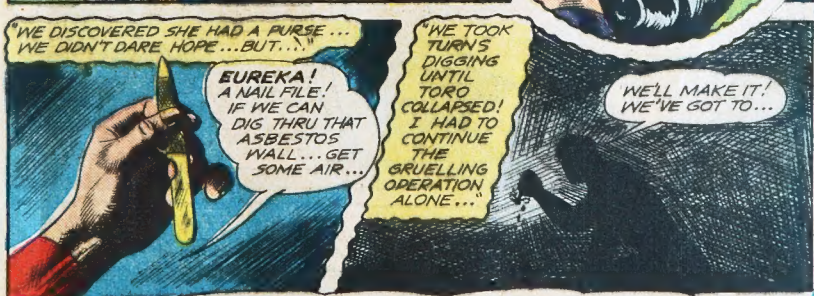
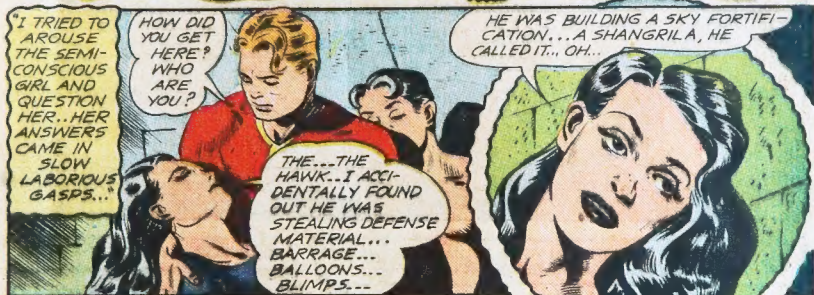
"WE LANDED IN A DARK, AIRLESS DUNGEON --- WE WERE TRAPPED --- OUR FLAMES FLICKERED AND DIED COMPLETELY!"

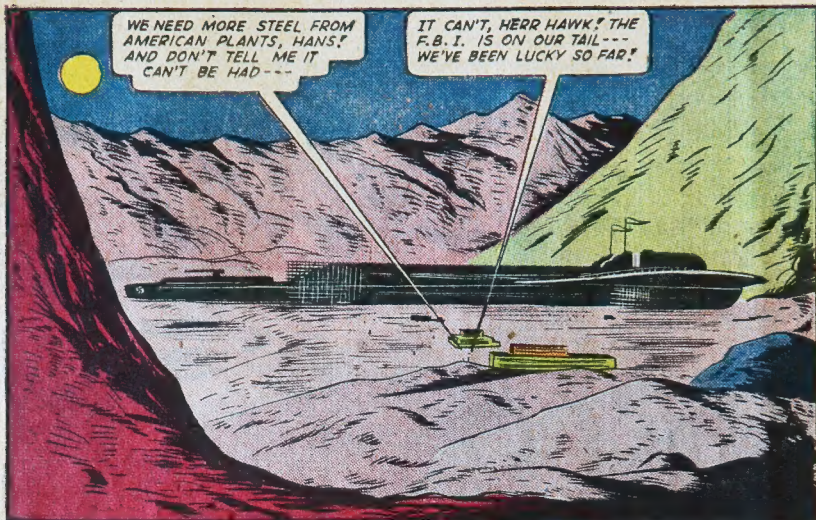


THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH THICK ASBESTOS! THIS IS A DEATH TRAP --

WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER WITHOUT AIR! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL GIDDY---

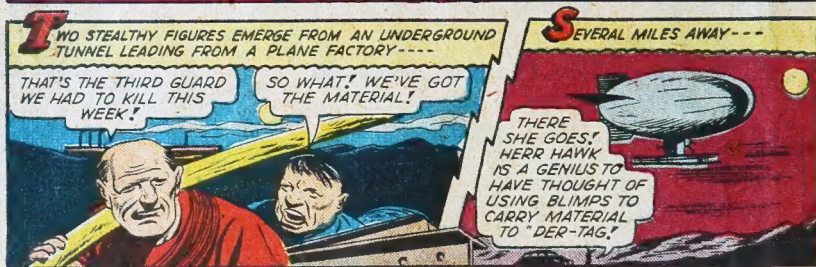
OUT OF WHAT WE BELIEVED TO BE OUR DELIRIUM WE HEARD UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS OF A GIRL'S PITEOUS MOANS, LOW AND AGONIZED... WE GROPED BLINDLY...





WE NEED MORE STEEL FROM AMERICAN PLANTS, HANS! AND DON'T TELL ME IT CAN'T BE HAD---

IT CAN'T, HERR HAWK! THE F.B.I. IS ON OUR TAIL--- WE'VE BEEN LUCKY SO FAR!



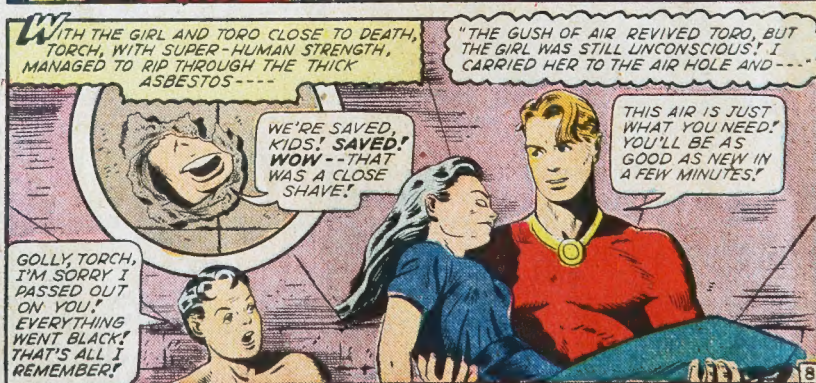
TWO STEALTHY FIGURES EMERGE FROM AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL LEADING FROM A PLANE FACTORY---

THAT'S THE THIRD GUARD WE HAD TO KILL THIS WEEK!

SO WHAT! WE'VE GOT THE MATERIAL!

SEVERAL MILES AWAY---

THERE SHE GOES! HERR HAWK IS A GENIUS TO HAVE THOUGHT OF USING BLIMPS TO CARRY MATERIAL TO "DER-TAG."



WITH THE GIRL AND TORO CLOSE TO DEATH, TORCH, WITH SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, MANAGED TO RIP THROUGH THE THICK ASBESTOS---

"THE GUSH OF AIR REVIVED TORO, BUT THE GIRL WAS STILL UNCONSCIOUS! I CARRIED HER TO THE AIR HOLE AND---

WE'RE SAVED, KIDS! SAVED! WOW--THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

THIS AIR IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED! YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW MINUTES!

GOLLY, TORCH, I'M SORRY I PASSED OUT ON YOU! EVERYTHING WENT BLACK! THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!

WITHIN MINUTES WE MADE THE OPENING LARGE ENOUGH TO CRAWL THRU.

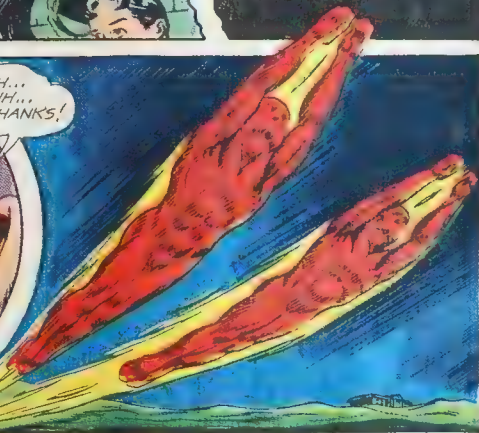
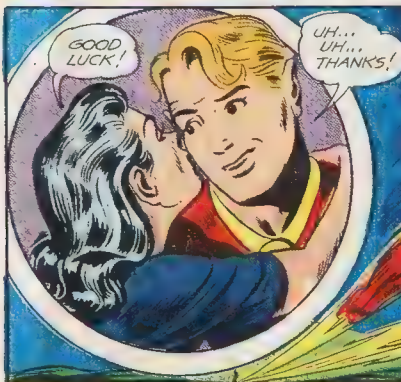
YOU'RE SAFE, ANN! WE'LL HAVE YOU HOME IN A JIFFY!

YOU... YOU... SAVED MY LIFE... BUT I'M AFRAID OF THE HAWK! HE MAY HARM MY FAMILY!

DON'T WORRY, ANN! LEAVE THE HAWK TO US!

TAKING NO CHANCES WE BURNED A TUNNEL UNDER GROUND TO A POINT QUITE A DISTANCE FROM THE EVIL HOUSE...

GO STRAIGHT HOME, ANN, AND GET SOME REST! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HAWK!

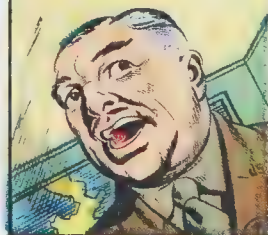


JORCH CONCLUDES HIS EXCITING RECITAL...

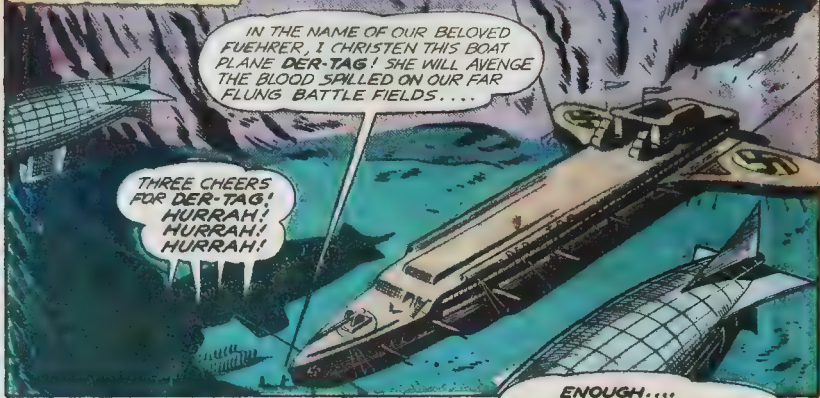
...AND THAT'S THE STORY... WE MADE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE HOUSE BUT WE COULDN'T FIND A SINGLE CLUE!



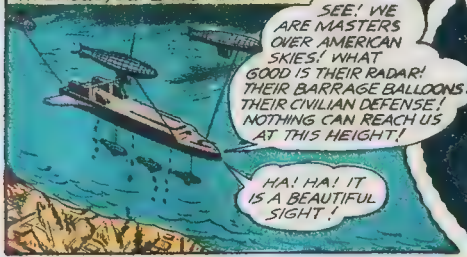
I'VE BEEN THRU A LOT OF WARS BUT YOUR EXPERIENCE TOPS ALL! THE HAWK IS OUR MAN! YOU AND ANN ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THESE VULTURES! BOYS, I'VE GOT TO ASK YOU TO RISK YOUR NECKS AGAIN... FOR YOUR COUNTRY! LISTEN...



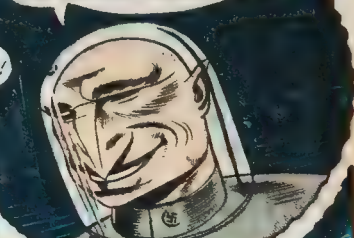
MILES FROM CIVILIZATION, IN A MOUNTAINOUS ALMOST UNREACHABLE REGION, WE SEE A STRANGE SIGHT....



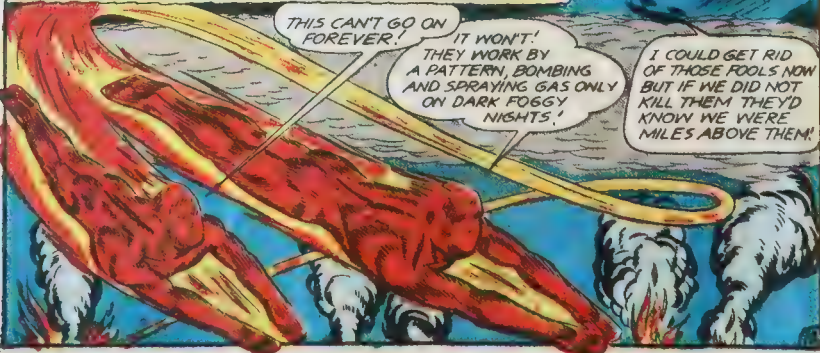
FROM ONE STATE TO ANOTHER "DER TAG" MOVES...
DROPPING DEATH CARGOES ON HELPLESS CITIES,
VILLAGES, DEFENSE PLANTS...



ENOUGH....
ENOUGH OF THE BOMBS!
WE NOW GIVE OUR ATTENTION TO
DRYING UP THEIR DAMS! HANS...
SEE THAT THE CHEMICALS ARE IN
THE SUCTION PUMPS....



THE WRECKAGE OF PLANTS AND THE TOLL OF LIFE MOUNTS...
DETROIT, LATEST SCENE OF THE HAWKS MURDEROUS RAMPAGE,
FINDS TORCH AND TORO ABOVE THE SMOKING RUINS....



TAKE ONE OF THE BLIMPS
AND GET ENOUGH FOOD TO
LAST SIX MONTHS...AND...
REMEMBER THE WINE,
CHAMPAGNE AND WHISKEY...

WE WILL
CELEBRATE AS
AMERICA IS
COMPLETELY
ANNIHILATED!
AND THEN
COMES
ENGLAND...
RUSSIA...
THE WHOLE
WORLD!

TORCH AND TORO ABOUT TO CALL IT A NIGHT, NOTICE
A BLIMP IN THE DISTANCE...

AM I DREAMING, TORCH?
WHAT'S THAT BLIMP DOING IN
THE AIR? GENERAL SANDERS
CALLED OFF THE HUNT
HOURS AGO!

BLIMP,
TORO, THE
HAWK!
ANN SAID
HE STOLE
BLIMPS! LET'S
FOLLOW!

THE
FLAMING
DUO
WATCH...

IT'S HANS!

HANS SPOTS THE PAIR...

HE'S ARMED!
WONDER WHERE
THEY'RE HEADING...

HOLD THAT
FLAME BALL! WE'VE
GOT TO LEARN
WHERE THEY CAME
FROM...LET'S LET
THEM KNOW US OUT!

SO THEY KNOW!
BUT NOT EVERY-
THING!

THIS WILL
HOLD YOU
FOR A WHILE!

WE'D BETTER
GO BACK TO DER
TAG! WE CAN'T
TAKE ANY MORE
CHANCES!

OOOOOH...

IT WAS WORTH A BUMP
ON THE HEAD... WHEN
THE BLIMP GETS A LITTLE
HIGHER WE'LL FOLLOW
THEM!

THE BLIMP RETURNS...

DON'T WORRY, HERR HAWK! WE BLUMPED INTO TORCH AND TORO AND KILLED THEM!

YOU BLUNDERING BLURPERING IDIOTS! FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE YOU DID!

AND HOW DID YOU KILL THEM? SHOT THEM I SUPPOSE!

NO... NO... WE HIT THEM OVER THE HEAD WITH OUR GUN BUTTS... WE SAW BLOOD!

SO YOU SAW BLOOD... IDIOTS! NOTHING CAN KILL THAT PAIR... WE'RE PROBABLY BEING PAGED RIGHT NOW... WE'LL MOVE ON! DROP BOMBS... EVERYTHING... WE WILL RAZE EVERYTHING BENEATH US AND THEN TRAVEL TO ENGLAND!

WHILE TORCH KEEPS AN EYE ON DER-TAG'S MOVEMENTS, TORO CONTACTS GENERAL SANDERS...

INCREDIBLE! WE WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH MOTORS THAT COULD TRAVEL OVER 60,000 FEET WHEN THE HAWK STOLE OUR VITAL PARTS! GET BACK TO TORCH... OUR PLANES WILL FOLLOW YOU AS FAR AS THEY CAN!

SOARING HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS, HIGHER THAN THEY HAVE EVER FLAMED, THE TORCH AND TORO SPOT DER-TAG AS IT'S CREW EMPTIES ITS BOMB BAYS...

IT CAN'T BE TRUE! WHY— WHY IT'S LIKE A BIG HOTEL!

IT'S TRUE ENOUGH, BOY! WE'RE GOING TO REGISTER OUR NAMES IN THAT HOTEL!

LIFE GIANT PLANE SO BRILLIANTLY CONCEIVED AND CONSTRUCTED IN THE WARPED MIND OF HERR HAWK, BECOMES A RAGING INFERNO AS TORCH AND TORO BLAZE THROUGH IT... DESTROYING THE MONSTER SHIP AND ITS CREATORS....

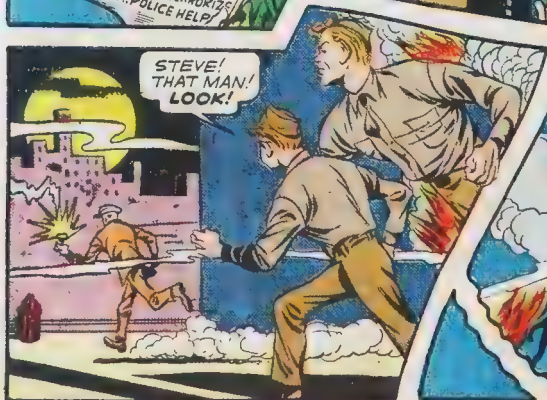
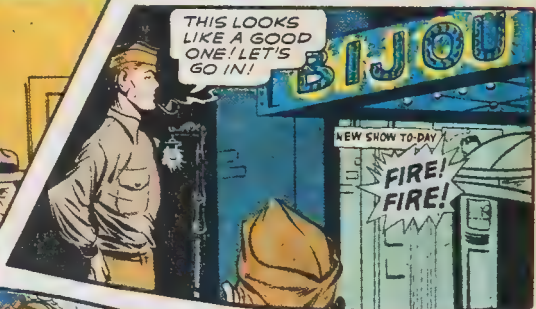
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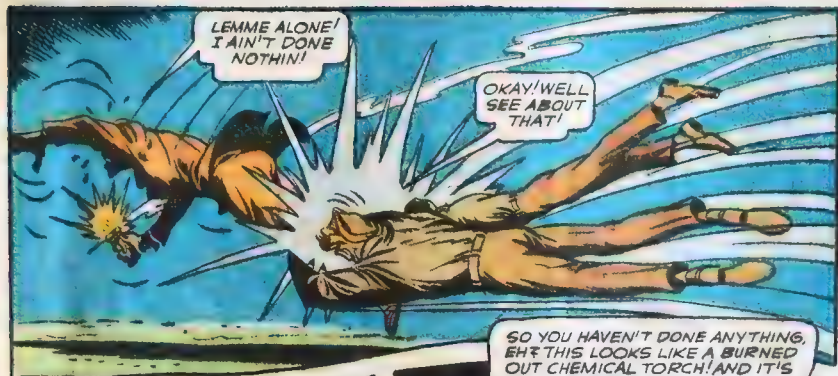
CAPTAIN AMERICA





WE'RE ON A SPOT!
MUST BE A GANG
OF FIREBUGS AND
WE HAVEN'T CAUGHT
ONE OF THEM!





LEMME ALONE!
I AIN'T DONE
NOTHIN'!

OKAY! WELL
SEE ABOUT
THAT!

SO YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING,
EH? THIS LOOKS LIKE A BURNED
OUT CHEMICAL TORCH! AND IT'S
STILL HOT!



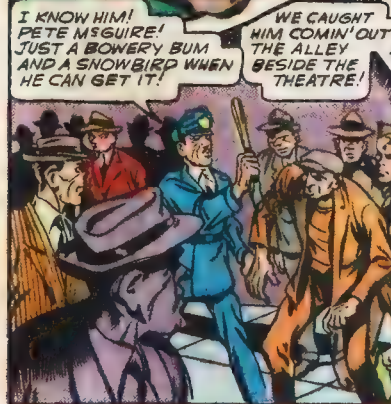
I AIN'T DONE
NOTHIN'!

WHAT'VE YOU
GOT IN YOUR
HAND?



SO YOU'RE THE GUY STARTED
THE FIRE? COME ON NOW
WE'VE GOT YOU!

I AIN'T
TALKIN'!



I KNOW HIM!
PETE MSGUIRE!
JUST A BOWERY BUM
AND A SNOWBIRD WHEN
HE CAN GET IT!

WE CAUGHT
HIM COMIN' OUT
THE ALLEY
BESIDE THE
THEATRE!

HERE'S WHAT
HE HAD, OFFICER!
SOME KIND OF
THERMITE TORCH!
JUST PERFECT
FOR STARTING
A FIRE!

SO WE
GOT ONE
OF THE
FIRE-BUGS
AT LAST!

ROGERS, YOU
AND BARNES BE
IN COURT IN
THE MORNING.
WE'LL NEED
YOUR EVIDENCE!

AND PRESENTLY WHEN STEVE AND BUCKY ARE ALONE.

WELL I GUESS THAT CRAZY CASE STEVE'S A DRUG ADDICT STARTING FIRES JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT!

DUNNO! LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN HIS POCKET!



THAT'S A CHINESE GOD! I'VE HEARD OF HIM! A CHINESE FIRE-GOD!

HOLY CATS! YOU TELLIN' ME A CHINESE GOD IS SETTIN' THOSE FIRES? THE CHINESE WOULDN'T DO, THAT!



HEALTH, RICHES AND HAPPINESS WILL BE MINE! THE GREAT GOD CHING TOY WILL DIRECT US TO PETER MCGUIRE

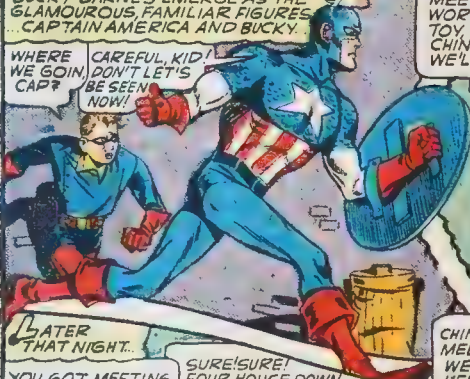
BUT SOME GANG COULD TRY TO PUT THE BLAME ON THE CHINESE! THIS IS AN ORGANIZED GANG OF SABOTEURS! KID, LOOKS TO ME THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA OUGHT TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS!



WITH A QUICK CHANGE INTO THEIR FIGHTING COSTUME, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES EMERGE AS THE GLAMOROUS, FAMILIAR FIGURES CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY.

WHERE WE GOIN, CAP?

CAREFUL, KID! DON'T LET'S BE SEEN NOW!



THEY HOLD MEETINGS TO WORSHIP CHING TOY, DOWN IN CHINATOWN! WE'LL GO TO ONE OF THEM!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

YOU GOT MEETING FOR WORSHIP FIRE GOD CHING TOY? WHERE IS IT? WE WANT TO GO?

SURE! SURE! FOUR HOUSE DOWN... SAME STREET! YOU GOT EACH ONE DOLLAR? GOOD HEALTH FOR YOU. WORSHIP CHING TOY! WORTH'M DOLLAR EACH! VELLY CHEAP!

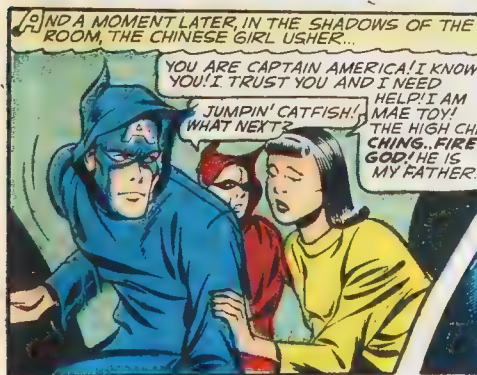
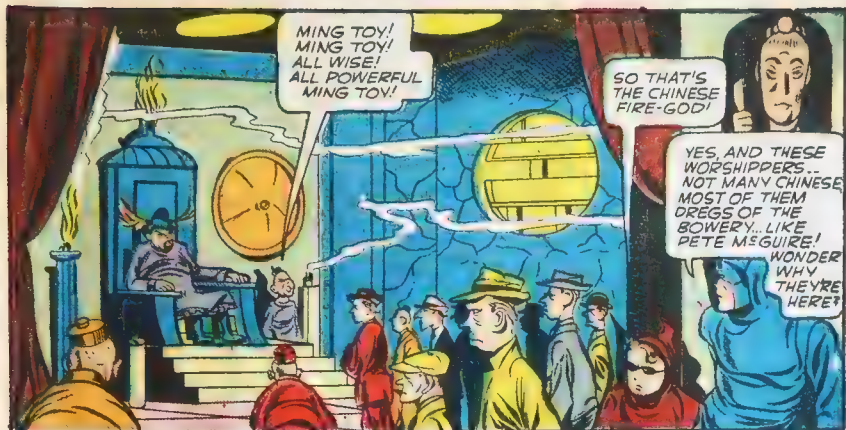


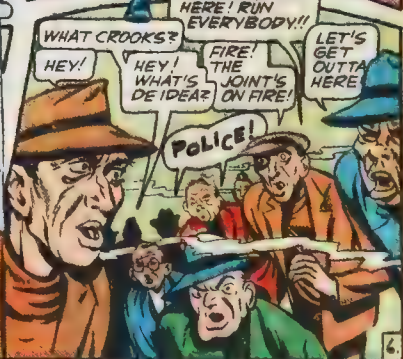
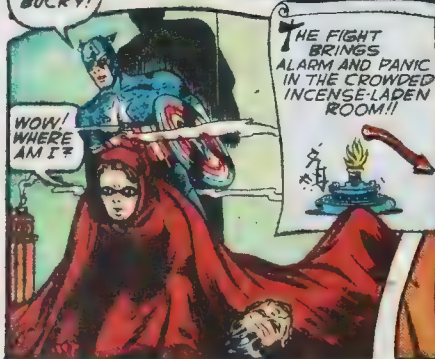
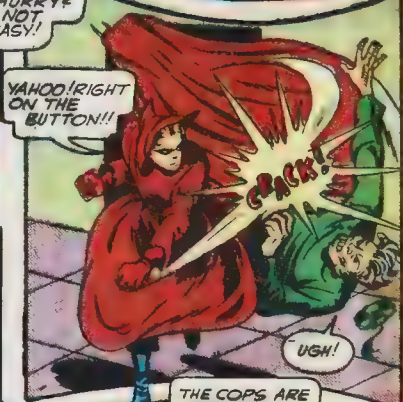
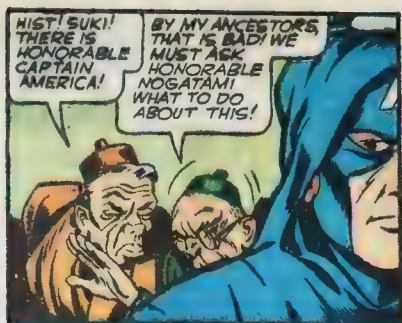
SURE THING... WE'RE GLAD TO PAY IT!

CHING TOY MEETING? WE'LL JOIN! HERE'S YOUR MONEY!

YOU COME IN! JUST NOW. START. YES!







THE FIGHT BRINGS ALARM AND PANIC IN THE CROWDED INCENSE-LADEN ROOM!!

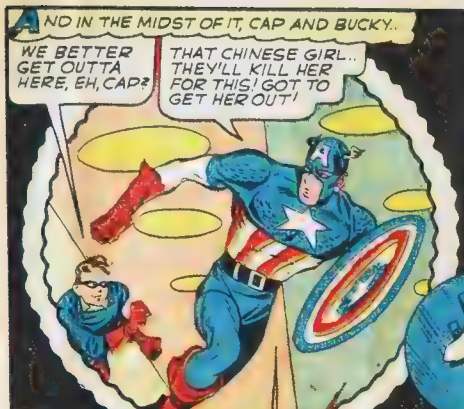
WHAT CROOKS?

HEY!

FIRE! THE JOINT'S ON FIRE!

POLICE!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE



AND IN THE MIDST OF IT, CAP AND BUCKY...

WE BETTER
GET OUTTA
HERE, EH, CAP?

THAT CHINESE GIRL...
THEY'LL KILL HER
FOR THIS! GOT TO
GET HER OUT!



MAE
TOY!

OH, CAPTAIN
AMERICA!



AIEE!!

OUTTA
MY WAY,
BUD!!

THE POLICE
ARRIVE...

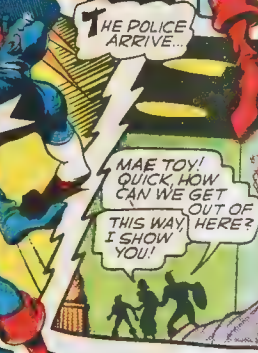
LOOK
OUT,
CAP!

HEY! WHAT'S
GOIN' ON HERE?



HURRY!
INSIDE
HERE!

GEE! A
SECRET
PANEL!



MAE TOY!
QUICK, HOW
CAN WE GET
OUT OF
THIS WAY
I SHOW
YOU!



MAE TOY,
THAT FIRE-
GOD WAS A
FAKE! AN IM-
POSTOR! WHO
IS HE?

HOLY
CATS!
WOW!
CAP!
DUCK!



THUD!

THEY'RE SURE
AFTER US!
THE GUY
THAT THREW
THAT KNIFE
BEAT IT!!

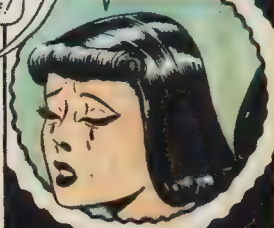
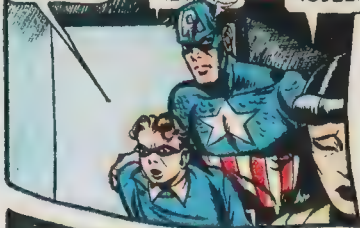
YOU SAID THIS
FIREGOD ISN'T
YOUR FATHER!
YOU SAID THEY'D
KILL YOUR
FATHER! WHERE
IS HE?

THEY HAVE
HIM IMPRIS-
ONED IN
A SECRET
ROOM
IN THIS
HOUSE!

NOGATMI AND HIS MEN
CAME HERE... KILLED
MY FATHERS HELPERS!

NOGATMI! I'VE HEARD
OF HIM! JAP SCIENTIST.
SPECIALIST IN
CHEMICAL WARFARE!
ESCAPED
FROM A U.S.
CONCENTRATION
CAMP!

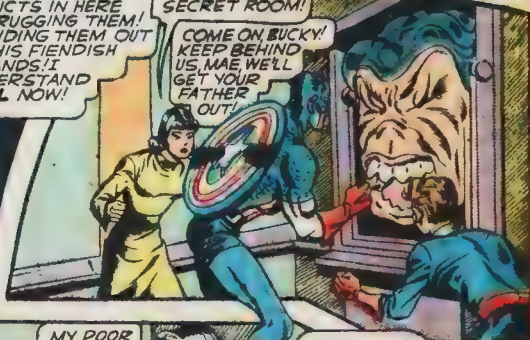
HE'S HELD ME PRIS-
ONER HERE! HE'S
BEEN HOLDING THE
MEETINGS, BUT NOT
THE WAY MY
FATHER DID!



HE AND HIS GANG... GET-
TING THE BOWERY
DERELICTS IN HERE
AND DRUGGING THEM!
SENDING THEM OUT
ON HIS FIENDISH
ERRANDS! I
UNDERSTAND
ALL NOW!

THIS IS THE
PANEL TO THE
SECRET ROOM!

COME ON, BUCKY!
KEEP BEHIND
US, MAE, WE'LL
GET YOUR
FATHER
OUT!



AND
THEY
BURST
INTO THE
SECRET ROOM...



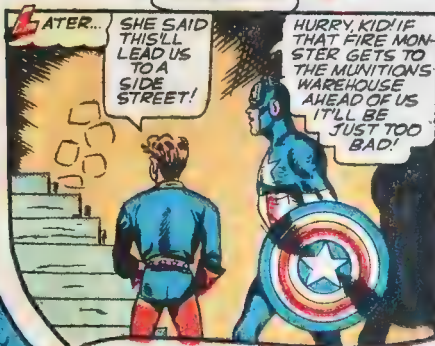
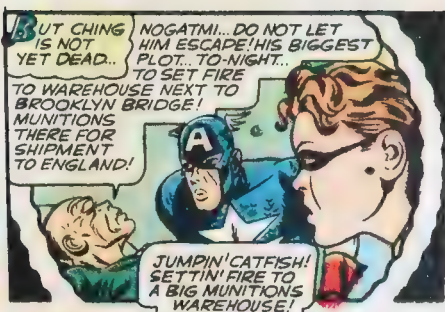
DEAD? THEY'VE
KILLED HIM!

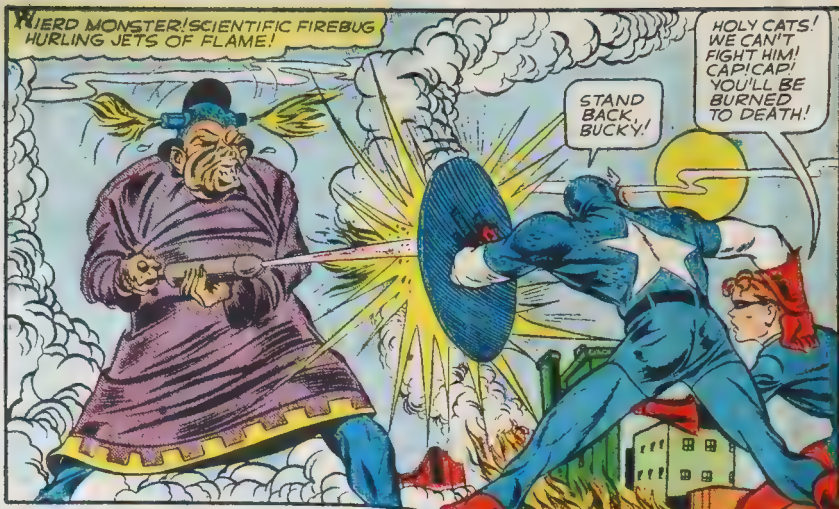
MY POOR
FATHER!



CAP, LOOK!
YOU CAN SEE
INTO THE
MEETING ROOM
FROM HERE!



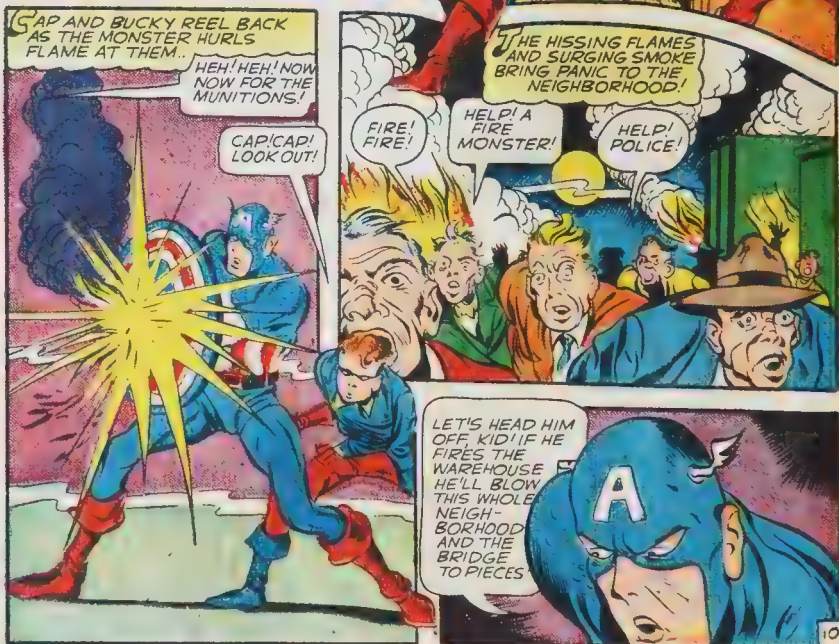




CAP AND BUCKY REEL BACK
AS THE MONSTER HURLS
FLAME AT THEM.

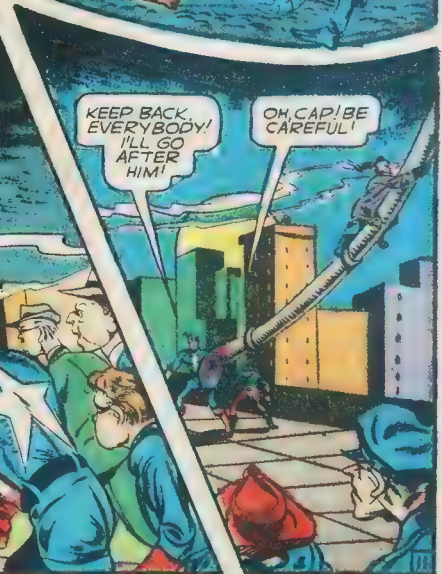
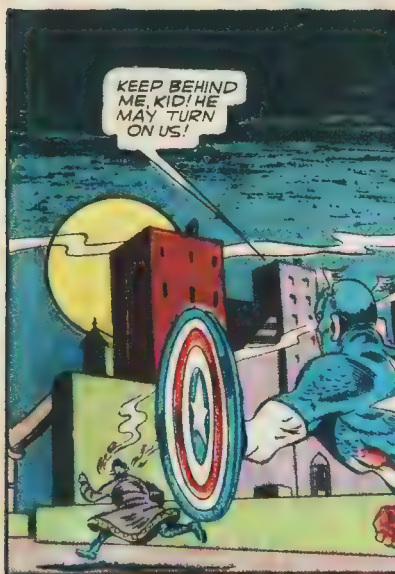
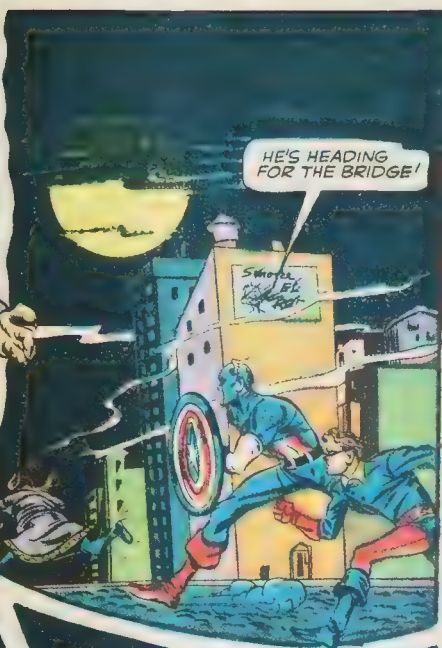
HEH! HEH! NOW
NOW FOR THE
MUNITIONS!

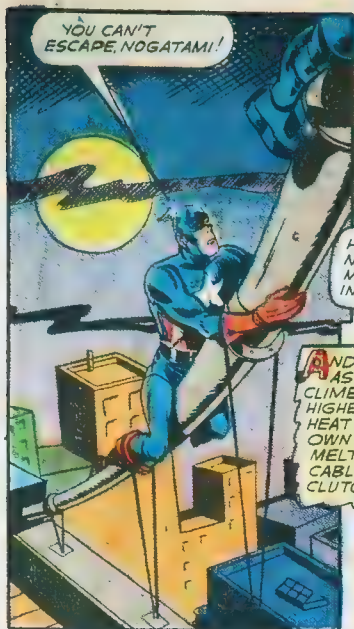
CAP! CAP!
LOOK OUT!



LET'S HEAD HIM
OFF, KID! IF HE
FIRES THE
WAREHOUSE
HE'LL BLOW
THIS WHOLE
NEIGH-
BORHOOD
AND THE
BRIDGE
TO PIECES

THEN AT LAST THE MONSTER FRIGHTENED BY THE TURMOIL FROM THE WAREHOUSE HEADS AWAY!





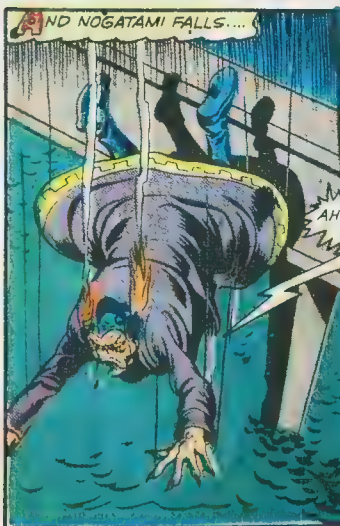
YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE, NOGATAMI!

HA! HA! YOU'LL
NEVER GET
ME! I AM
INVINCIBLE!

AND SUDDENLY
AS NOGATAMI
CLIMBS STILL
HIGHER, THE
HEAT OF HIS
OWN FLAME
MELTS THE
CABLE HE IS
CLUTCHING.

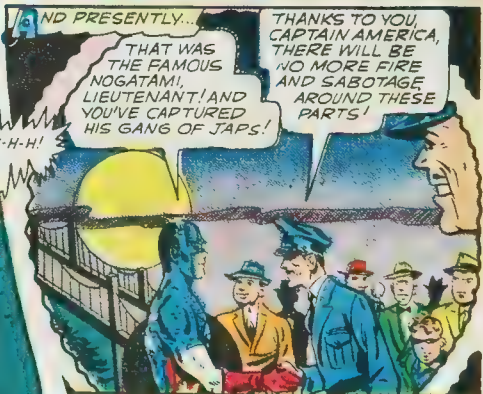


WHY... WHY...
BY MY
ANCESTORS...



AND NOGATAMI FALLS....

AH-H-H-H!



AND PRESENTLY...

THAT WAS
THE FAMOUS
NOGATAMI!
LIEUTENANT! AND
YOU'VE CAPTURED
HIS GANG OF JAPS!

THANKS TO YOU,
CAPTAIN AMERICA,
THERE WILL BE
NO MORE FIRE
AND SABOTAGE
AROUND THESE
PARTS!

DON'T MISS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY
AS THEY FIGHT FOR RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT IN
THEIR OWN MAGAZINE 'CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS'

SUB-MARINER

WHAT'S THIS? SUB-MARINER--
MIGHTY AXIS-SMASHING SCOURGE
OF THE SEAS--CAPTURED BY
THE JAPS? THAT'S RIGHT, READER!
AND THE WHY AND HOW AND
WHEREFORE WILL MAKE YOU
CHILL AND THRILL AND CLING TO
YOUR SEAT AS YOU READ HOW
SUB-MARINER FACES -----

TERROR in
TOKYO

SUB-MARINER
CAUGHT AND DONATED TO THE
EMPEROR'S AQUARIUM



FAR ACROSS THE PACIFIC, NEAR THE COAST OF JAPAN, A FAMILIAR FIGURE CUTS THROUGH THE WATER--SUB-MARINER.



THIS NIFTY LITTLE TRICK OUGHT TO GIVE THOSE YELLOW-BELLIED WATER LICE SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT /

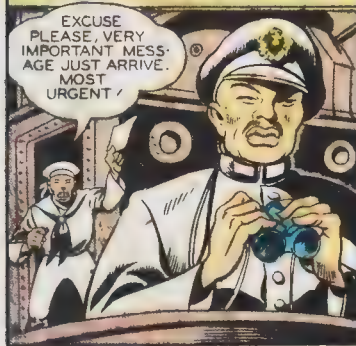
MEANWHILE, CRUISING OVERHEAD--A JAP PILOT SCOURS THE ENDLESS BLUE, WHEN SUDDENLY--



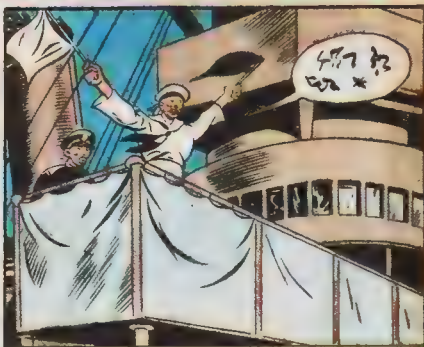
APPEE!

VERY GOOD TARGET FOR OUR EXCELLENT GUNNERS! MUST SEND MESSAGE AT ONCE!

A MOMENT LATER SOME MILES AWAY--



EXCUSE PLEASE, VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE JUST ARRIVE. MOST URGENT /



ONE AMERICAN DESTROYER AHEAD / WE WILL ALL BRAVELY STRIKE TOGETHER /

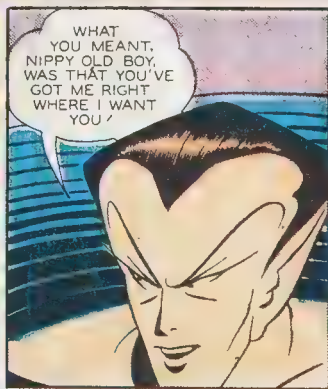
SWIFTLY, THE JAP FLOTILLA CLOSES IN ON ITS LONE PREY--



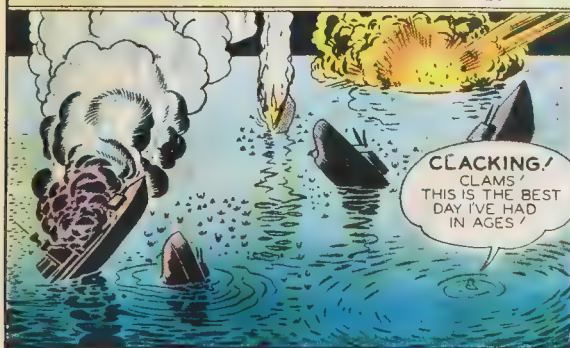
BUT ONE IMPORTANT FEATURE ABOUT THE AMERICAN SHIP HAS ESCAPED THE SLITTED EYES OF THE JAPS--



IT'S WORKING. BY NEPTUNE / THE YELLOW BELLIES ARE FOLLOWING MY WOODEN DECOY /



TRICKED BY SUB-MARINER, THE JAP FLEET SWEEPS ONTO THE MINE FIELD BEFORE THEY CAN REVERSE THEIR ENGINES /



HIGH IN THE AIR
THE JAP AIRMAN
FRANTICALLY TURNS
ON HIS RADIO.....

CALLING HONORABLE
TOJO / MOST HORRIBLE
DISASTER TAKING
PLACE, CAUSED BY THE
TERRIBLE AMERICAN
SUB -
MARINER /



STRONG MAN OF THE JAPANESE DREADED MILITARY CLIQUE... PREMIER TOJO RECEIVES THE MESSAGE IN A MURDEROUS RAGE!

SUB-MARINER AGAIN! CALL TOGETHER THE SUPREME COMMAND-- THEN COMMIT HARI KIRI FOR BRINGING SUCH MESSAGE!



WE MUST DO SOMETHING--OR JAPAN WILL LOSE MUCH FACE--MAYBE EVEN MORE THAN FACE! WE MUST DESTROY SUB-MARINER!



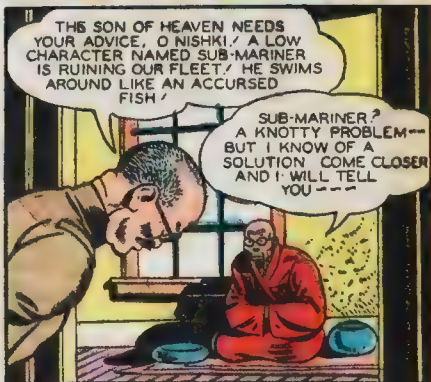
EXCUSE PLEASE, BUT MAYBE NAVY SLIP UP BEHIND BACK AND SHOOT HIM?



YOU ONE BIG FOOL, NUTSU! SUB-MARINER NEVER TURNS BACK! THAT IS REASON WE HAVE NOT KILLED HIM BEFORE!



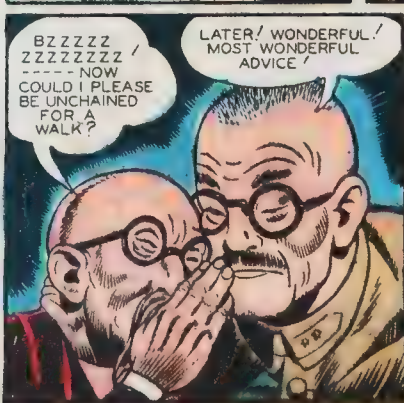
THE SON OF HEAVEN NEEDS YOUR ADVICE, O NISHKI! A LOW CHARACTER NAMED SUB-MARINER IS RUINING OUR FLEET! HE SWIMS AROUND LIKE AN ACCURSED FISH!



SUB-MARINER? A KNOTTY PROBLEM-- BUT I KNOW OF A SOLUTION. COME CLOSER AND I WILL TELL YOU --

BZZZZZZ
ZZZZZZZZ /
----- NOW
COULD I PLEASE
BE UNCHAINED
FOR A WALK?

LATER! WONDERFUL!
MOST WONDERFUL
ADVICE!



YOU MAY GO, WHILE STROLLING IN HALLWAY I HAD BRILLIANT IDEA! I WILL PERSONALLY TAKE CARE OF DETAILS!



MEANWHILE--SUB-MARINER STREAKS ON THROUGH THE PACIFIC, SEARCHING FOR THE ENEMY-----

DAPPLED DOLPHINS!
NOT A JAP IN SIGHT!

IT'S GETTING SO A MAN CAN'T HAVE A DECENT DAY OF HUNTING AROUND HERE!
ALL THE JAPS SEEM TO TAKE TO COVER AS SOON AS I GET NEAR!

FIDDLING FLOUNDER / FISHING BOATS / WELL, THEY'LL PROBABLY BE THE BIGGEST GAME I'LL FIND FOR THE REST OF THE DAY!
MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THEM IN!

BUT--FOR ONCE--SUB-MARINER HAS UNDER-ESTIMATED HIS FOE--

--FOR A WILY SCHEME IS UNFOLDING ABOARD ONE OF THE FISHING VESSELS--A SCHEME DIRECTED BY JAPAN'S MONSTER OF INTRIGUE!

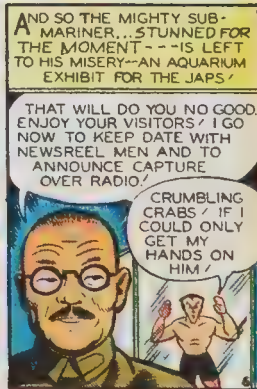
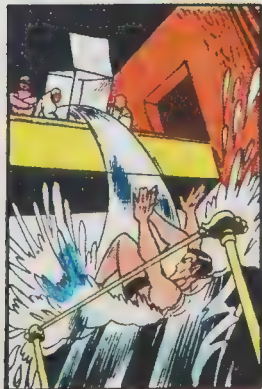
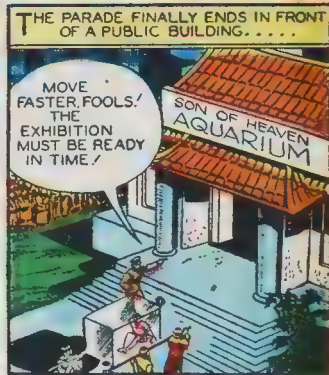
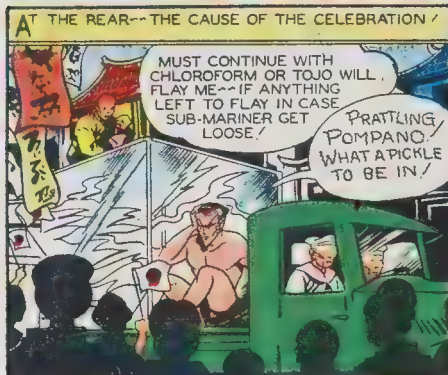
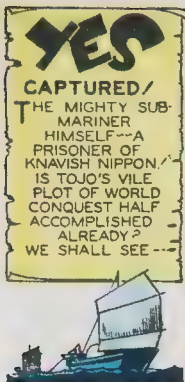
THIS GREAT PLAN OF MINE WILL DEFEAT EVEN SUB-MARINER!
CHLOROFORM IN WATER WILL RENDER HIM HELPLESS!

CHLOROFORM

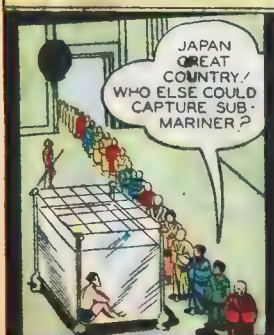
HOLY HADDOCK!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'M GETTING WEAKER THAN A SNAIL!

AS SUB-MARINER'S TITANIC STRENGTH SWIFTLY EBBS, TOJO PROCEEDS WITH HIS FIENDISH PLAN!

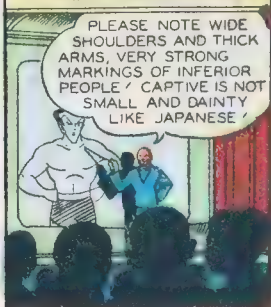
WONDERFUL!
PULL THE AMERICAN DOG IN! THIS WILL MAKE THE SON OF HEAVEN VERY HAPPY!



JOYOUSLY, JAPAN CELEBRATES
THE DOWNFALL OF ITS
POWERFUL ENEMY ~ ~



BADLY IN NEED OF A MAJOR
VICTORY, THE DESPERATE
YELLOW HIGH COMMAND USES
EVERY METHOD OF PROPAGANDA
...THE NEWSREELS ~ ~ ~



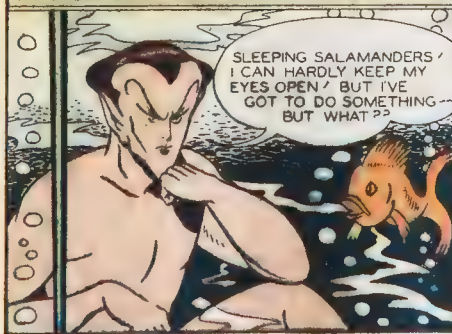
THE RADIO



THE PRESS



MEANWHILE, KEPT IN A PARALYZING SOLUTION OF
CHLOROFORM AND WATER, SUB-MARINER BEATS
HIS DAZED BRAIN FOR A WAY OF ESCAPE /



JUST THEN...





YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE,
AMERICAN DOG! THE UNITED NATIONS
ARE NOW ALMOST CONVINCED THAT
WE JAPANESE ARE SUPERIOR ~~~
SINCE WE CAPTURED SUB-
MARINER ~~~~



~~BUT, IN YOUR PUNY
WAY, YOU WERE WORTHY
OPPONENT! TOJO IS
HONORABLE MAN, SO
WILL GIVE YOU OPPORTUNITY
OF DYING LIKE
WARRIOR!



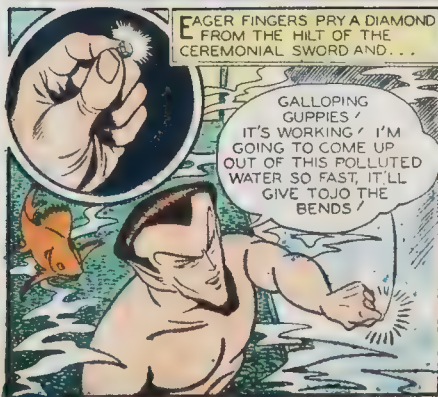
NOT TODAY,
YOU YELLOW JELLY-
FISH! I DON'T
GIVE IN SO
EASILY!



WE WILL SEE!
PERHAPS BRAVE
SUB-MARINER
WILL CHANGE
HIS MIND
AFTER BEING
ON
EXHIBITION
FEW MORE
YEARS!

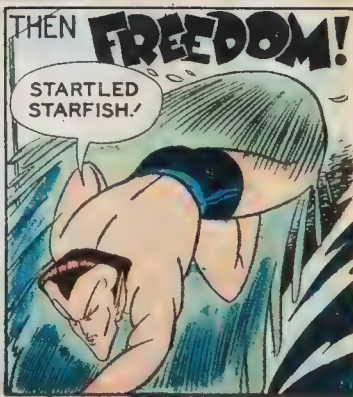


SHRIVELING SHRIMPS!
MAYBE I CAN GET
OUT OF THIS
LOBSTER TRAP
AFTER ALL!



EAGER FINGERS PRY A DIAMOND
FROM THE HILT OF THE
CEREMONIAL SWORD AND...

GALLOPING
GUPIES!
IT'S WORKING! I'M
GOING TO COME UP
OUT OF THIS POLLUTED
WATER SO FAST, IT'LL
GIVE TOJO THE
BENDS!



THEN **FREEDOM!**

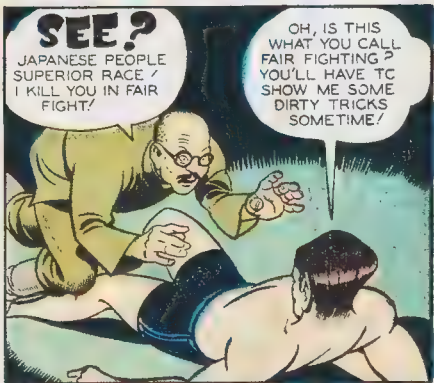
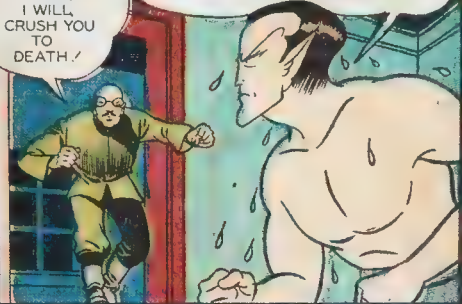
STARTLED
STARFISH!

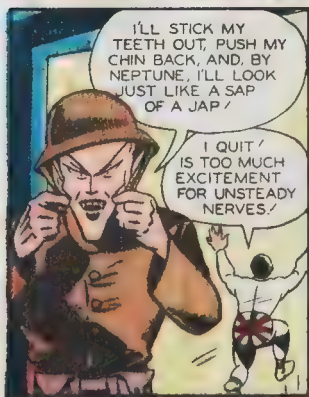
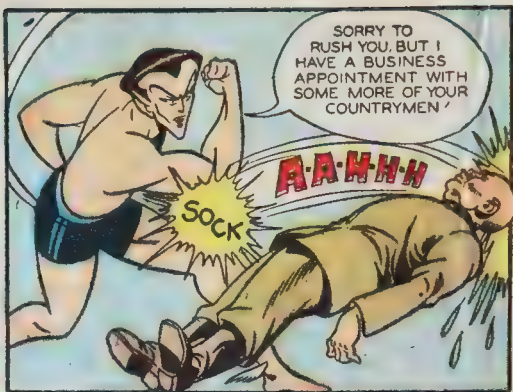
AS FRESH WATER WASHES THE ANESTHETIC FROM SUB-MARINER'S STARVED LUNGS AND BRINGS BACK HIS GIGANTIC STRENGTH----

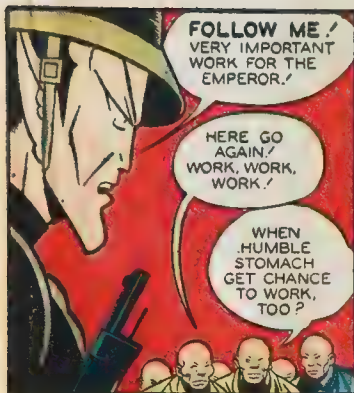


I WILL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY! I WILL CRUSH YOU TO DEATH!

SUFFERING SUCKERS! HE'S STARTED BELIEVING HIS OWN PRESS AGENT! COME ON, TOJO! IT'S JAPANESE JIU JITSUI AGAINST GOOD OLD FISTS!



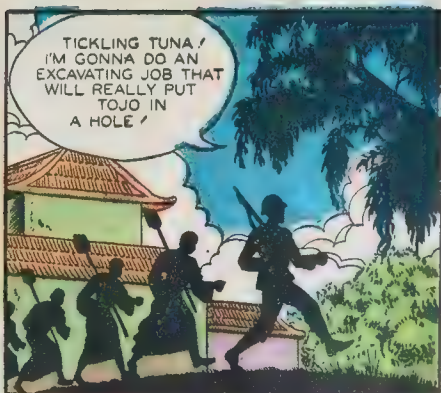




FOLLOW ME!
VERY IMPORTANT
WORK FOR THE
EMPEROR!

HERE GO
AGAIN!
WORK, WORK,
WORK!

WHEN
HUMBLE
STOMACH
GET CHANCE
TO WORK,
TOO?



TICKLING TUNA!
I'M GONNA DO AN
EXCAVATING JOB THAT
WILL REALLY PUT
TOJO IN
A HOLE!

CAREFULLY CHOOSING HIS SITE FOR
MAXIMUM DAMAGE, SUB-MARINER
PUTS HIS DOCILE CREW TO WORK!



START
DIGGING HERE!
A GOOD DEEP
DITCH!

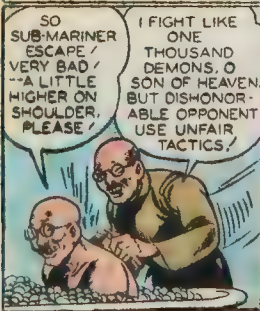
AND HOURS LATER



FASTER!
FASTER!

ALWAYS
FASTER! ALREADY
ARE ALMOST TO
HONORABLE
PALACE!

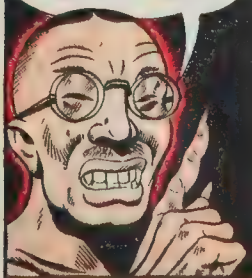
MEANWHILE--THE WORRIED
MIKADO HOLDS AN IMPORT-
ANT CONFERENCE WITH HIS
NEWEST EX-NATIONAL HERO...



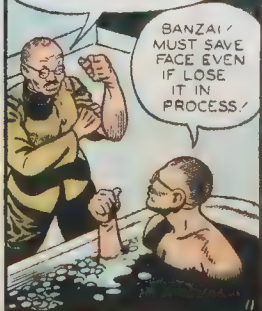
SO
SUB-MARINER
ESCAPE /
VERY BAD /
--A LITTLE
HIGHER ON
SHOULDER,
PLEASE!

I FIGHT LIKE
ONE
THOUSAND
DEMONS, O
SON OF HEAVEN
BUT DISHONOR-
ABLE OPPONENT
USE UNFAIR
TACTICS!

SOON SUPERIOR NIPPONESE
TEACH WHOLE WORLD HOW
TO BE CIVILIZED! THEN
EVERYBODY LIVE HAPPILY
AS SLAVES OF JAPAN
BUT RIGHT NOW--



--TASK NUMBER ONE:
IS CAPTURE SUB-MARINER
AGAIN! THIS I DO IF IT
KILLS HIM OR ME!



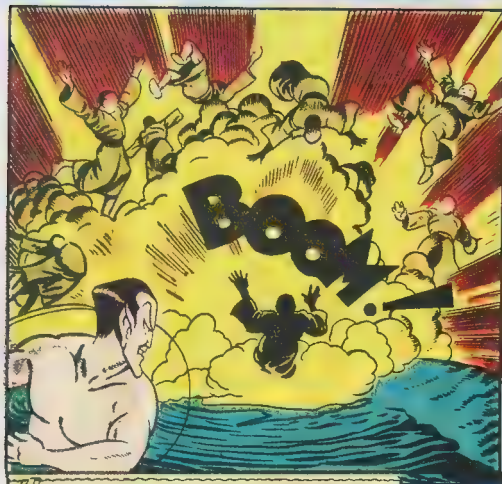
BANZAI!
MUST SAVE
FACE EVEN
IF LOSE
IT IN
PROCESS!

BACK AT THE DITCH HE ORDERED DUG, SUB-MARINER PREPARES TO CARRY OUT THE REST OF HIS SCHEME! DISCARDING HIS JAP UNIFORM HE LEAPS INTO A NEARBY FLOODED RICE FIELD AND ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

OUT OF THE WAY, EVERYBODY! HERE I COME!

WHAT NOW ???

THIS HUMBLE PERSON NOT KNOW!



THE EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE PALACE AND . . .



HAVING CLEVERLY CONCEALED STICKS OF DYNAMITE WHICH HE HAD GATHERED AFTER HIS ESCAPE, SUB-MARINER FLINGS IT INTO THE DITCH . . .

WITH THE HUGE RICE FIELDS DRAINED AND PARCHED ~ ~ ~ AND THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN RUINS ~ ~ ~ SUB-MARINER RETURNS TO HIS HOME IN THE SEVEN SEAS!

...ITS OCCUPANTS ARE BLASTED INTO SPACE...

SO LONG VERMIN!

CLATTERING CLAMS / IT'S GOOD TO GET OFF THAT ISLAND! BUT I'LL BE BACK SOON ~ ~ ~ ME AND THE AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY!

THE END

"RETURN ENGAGEMENT"

EVERYBODY at the depot figured old Dan Richards was a has-been. He was lean and lanky, with the leathery cheeks of a guy who's spent most of his days outdoors. The afternoon he walked into the shop, after having spent the morning writing out his application blanks and the stuff that went with it, the boys all took a look. A couple snickered. I didn't. Because Mr. Allen, the foreman, was with old Dan. Mr. Allen headed straight over to where I was standing beside the big over-land coach.

Mr. Allen said, "Mr. Marks (that's me), shake hands with Daniel Richards. Dan's going to break in on your run, Jack. Uncle Sam will probably need you before long, for more important things."

"YOU CAN take over," I told Dan when we made our first stop. "You'll have to sooner or later. If you're going to nurse one of these jobs, you'll have to learn."

"I don't reckon I'll have much trouble," old Dan said. He'd been sitting complacently alongside me all the time, listening to what I had to say, doing little talking himself. He was all eyes and ears and I hoped that he'd get the hang of this quickly. Especially since, at the end of our run, I could stop off for a couple of days home and turn the job over to Dan. Only ... it didn't work out that way.

"You're a Southerner?" I asked Dan once. "I thought they went in for cotton and cattle down there."

The muscle along old Dan's leathery jaws kind of bulged, as if perhaps I'd insulted him. "Transportation's an important thing down there, same as it is up here," he said in a gentle voice. "Sure, I've been a herd rider for a long time. Was sheriff of Sutter County for ten years. Had a ranch of my own, too. I've worked cotton. But I've done a lot of driving just the same and this is important!"

"You don't call raising cattle important?"

"Sure." He looked me over with something hard and bright in his blue eyes. "Sure, it's im-

portant. But I haven't been in that line for years, now, son. I have been driving a truck. So ... I'm here to do what I figure I'm best fitted to do."

FOR a couple of minutes I was sore. "I thought you've been handling big combinations. The way you talked—"

"I have." His voice was the same drawl. "But I've been out of harness for a couple of months. You've gotta give us old codgers time."

"I guess so!" I growled. "A lot of time. I'm beginning to think you'd better go back to riding herd. You don't have to worry about shifting gears with a horse at least!"

It must have hurt, and I knew I shouldn't have said it. I was sorry later, but that was too late. For the rest of that run, old Dan lost all interest. I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd dropped out when we hit our stop.

We reached the end of our run early the following morning. Both of us were ready for some shut-eye. And Dan was already at the depot when I got there in time to start on schedule the next day.

"I checked over the passenger list," Dan admitted. "Corbitt says we've got to make this run on time ... if we never make another."

I looked at Dan. "What's up? Who've we got booked for the trip?"

"Some hombre by the name of Stanley. Doc Stanley. He couldn't make train reservations." Dan gave me a sidelong look. "Guess he's a big shot. He's been down in the capital. Don't know just what the connections are."

"That's okay," I said. "You'll have plenty of big shots riding your coach if you stay with this job. Especially nowadays."

DAN took the wheel leaving town. And sitting there beside him, as I had the other day, I got the same feeling: that Dan was a good driver, but nothing else. That's where I was wrong.

We made our mid-morning stop, then got rolling again. Dan stuck to the wheel. He seemed to be doing better today, and for a while I relaxed and got a little rest. I'd brought along a blood-and-thunder magazine to read. Now I dug it out of my back pocket and opened it. I read for a while, without worrying about how Dan was making out.

I was halfway through a good short story when it happened. I hadn't paid any attention to the big mirror up above the windshield, and didn't see the guy coming. Maybe Dan had, but didn't pay any attention. The first thing I knew I heard a voice say, "Okay, Butch. Pull this job up that next road. The one on the right. No funny stuff. This is the business!"

I twisted around, saw an ugly face right near us, an uglier looking gun pointed right at old Dan.

Dan eased the bus over to the side, swung wide into the side road, and along it a short distance.

"Okay," the ugly mug said. "Stop here!"

When Dan released the folding doors, the ugly bird stepped aside, and two more people came out. One was another pretty looking guy, like the first, and the other one was . . . Doc Stanley . . . from the capital!

DOC STANLEY stepped down onto the road . . . And started to run! But the guy right behind him must have been expecting something of the sort, because he landed on Doc Stanley and they went tumbling down into a ditch alongside the road. Dust eddied up. The ugly mug back of us stepped into the door, forgetting us for a second . . .

Through the dust I could see them giving Doc Stanley the works. It was nasty, My throat got hot. I slid out of the seat.

"Hold it—!" Old Dan warned.

But I shook off his hand, leaped down into the road. One of the ugly mugs whirled. The gun in his hand came up—

I hit him and hit him hard. The gun smashed almost into my face, but his head was back between his shoulder blades then, and I could feel his nose flattening under my fist. He went spinning back into the gully . . . and the other guy came clawing up, gun in hand, headed for me. I saw the doctor down in the weeds, lying still. There was blood over his face and his clothes were torn around his shoulders. . . .

I think I'd have finished this guy if reinforcements hadn't arrived. I don't know from where. They must have figured on snatching Stanley, and had had a carload of these guys off in the brush somewhere, waiting for the kill.

Someone yelled, "Plug him! Let's get going—"

Old Dan came out of the bus like greased lightning. I saw his hands. Big hands, like shovels. Cuddling butts of two revolvers. One of them went off. The roar of it made my ears sing. Someone yelled. Another shot . . . two more so close they blended almost as one. . . .

OLD DAN didn't bother to aim. He fired from the hip. Like the old-timers in the blood-and-thunder West, you've probably read about. He'd been sheriff of Sutter County years ago. . . .

I parked on the bus step. It was quiet inside. Looking up at Dan's lanky figure, looking at those shovel-like hands, I almost loved the guy! I heard Dan drawl, "I reckon that'll hold

those hombres for a spell. There's two of 'em we can lug into the next town. They'll need a dump truck for the rest!"

There was a purse among the passengers. Doc Stanley wasn't badly hurt. She patched up both of us.

Dan took the wheel again. You couldn't see those guns of his now, back in their shoulder holsters under his worn jacket.

I said, "Boy, that was some shooting!"

Dan chuckled. There was a soft grin around his leathery mouth. "Shucks, son. That was nothing. Why, years ago . . ." He stopped, looked at me out of bright blue eyes and chuckled again.

"You couldn't have done better," I said. And to myself I admitted, "Chump. You thought he was a has-been. Boy, he's just getting started."

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of All Winners Comics published quarterly at
Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1943.
State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Business Manager of the All Winners Comics and that the following to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Western Fiction Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Western Fiction Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

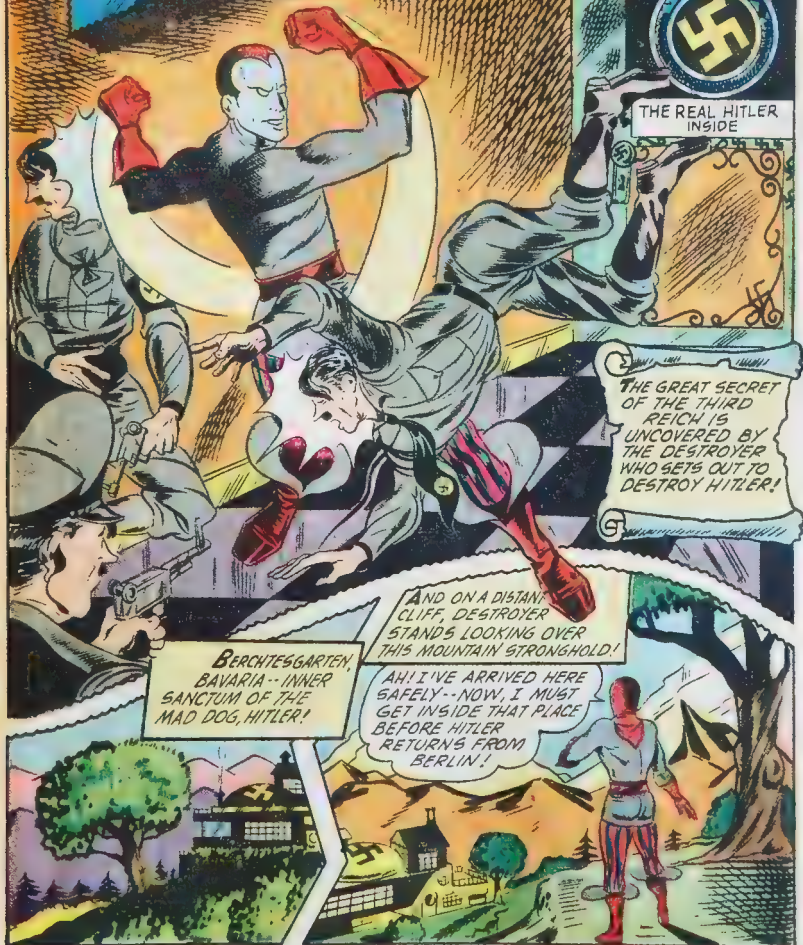
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the full names of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company are trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1943.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires, March 30, 1945.)

THE DESTROYER



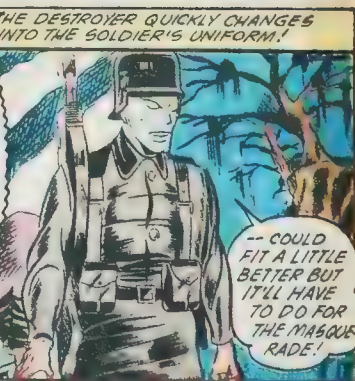
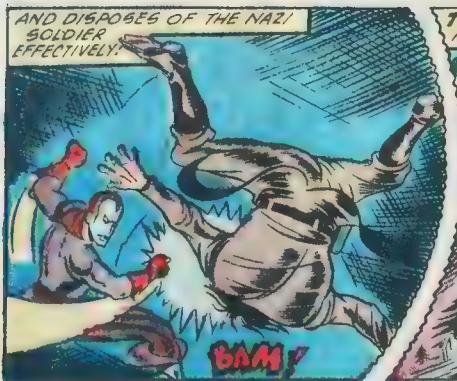
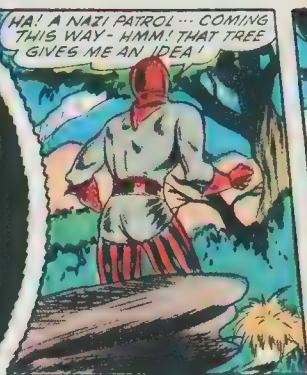
THE REAL HITLER
INSIDE

THE GREAT SECRET
OF THE THIRD
REICH IS
UNCOVERED BY
THE DESTROYER
WHO GETS OUT TO
DESTROY HITLER!

BERCHTESGARTEN,
BAVARIA--INNER
SANCTUM OF THE
MAD DOG, HITLER!

AND ON A DISTANT
CLIFF, DESTROYER
STANDS LOOKING OVER
THIS MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD!

AH! I'VE ARRIVED HERE
SAFELY--NOW, I MUST
GET INSIDE THAT PLACE
BEFORE HITLER
RETURNS FROM
BERLIN!



DISGUISED, THE DESTROYER SWIFTLY REJOINS THE PATROL.

HAA! THEY DIDN'T HEAR A THING! I'M ON MY WAY TO PLAY POSSUM WITH HERR HITLER!



AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE INTO BERCHTESGARTEN...

EVERYTHING IS AS QUIET AS USUAL, KAPITAN!

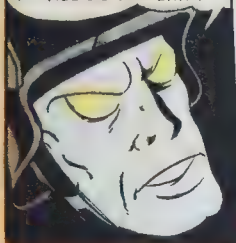
JA! GOOT, SERGEANT!

ONCE PAST THIS GATE, I'M ALL SET!



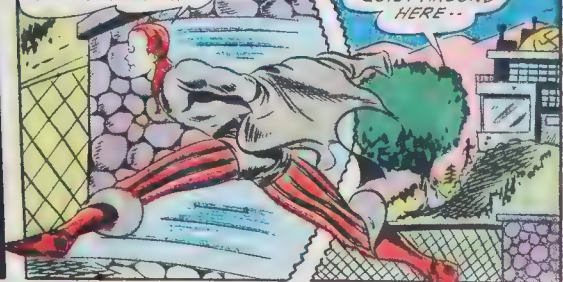
DESTROYER SUCCESSFULLY ENTERS WITH THE PATROL THEN...

THEY WON'T MISS ME TILL THEY GET TO THE GUARD-HOUSE -- THEN IT WILL BE TOO LATE!



THE DESTROYER DISCARDS THE NAZI UNIFORM...

AND NOW, HERR SCHICKELGRUBER, YOU'RE GOING TO DEAL WITH THE DESTROYER!



... AND CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES HITLER'S HIDE-OUT!

HMM! KIND OF QUIET AROUND HERE--

HE GETS INSIDE WITHOUT DETECTION!

QUITE AN ARGUMENT IN THERE - WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?

DOTS A LIE!

NIE! IT ISN'T NOT!



DESTROYER LOOKS IN UPON AN UNUSUAL SIGHT!

BAH, ERNEST-- HE TOLD ME PERSONALLY DOT I WAS DER BEST OF ALL!

ACH! NIE!

GOOD GRIEF! A HALF-DOZEN HITLERS!





WHEN I MADE A SPEECH
FOR HIM IN HAMBURG,
DER CROWDS WENT
VILD --

ACH!...
HAMBURG!



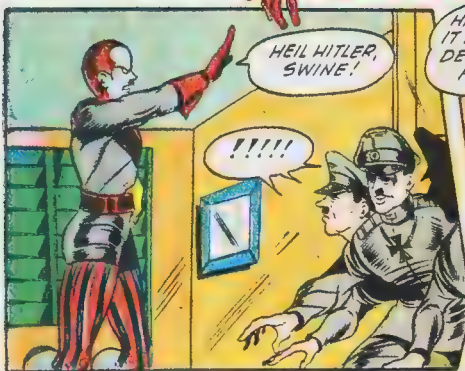
SO! THOSE STORIES ABOUT
HITLER HAVING DOUBLES
IS TRUE! THAT GIVES ME
AN IDEA -- THAT'LL BRING
ME TO
HITLER!



ACH!
WHO
ISS?

DUMBKOPF,
DOLTS -- I
AM DER VUN
UND ONLY
FUEHRER!

VASS?

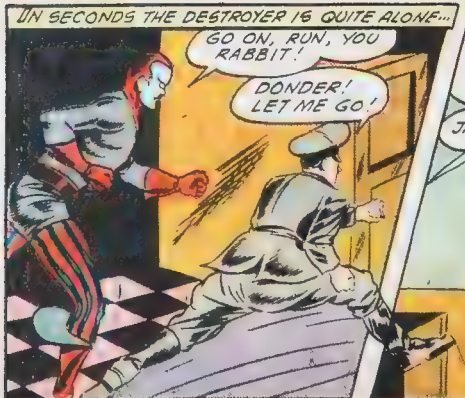


HEIL HITLER,
SWINE!

!!!!!!



HELP!
HELP!
GUARD!



IN SECONDS THE DESTROYER IS QUITE ALONE...

GO ON, RUN, YOU
RABBIT!

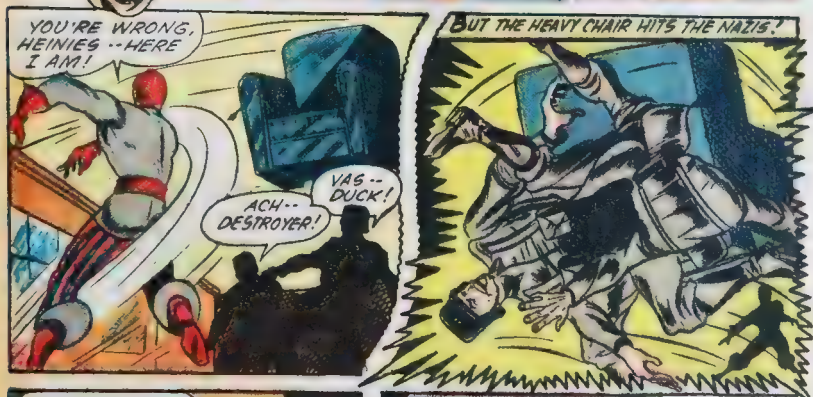
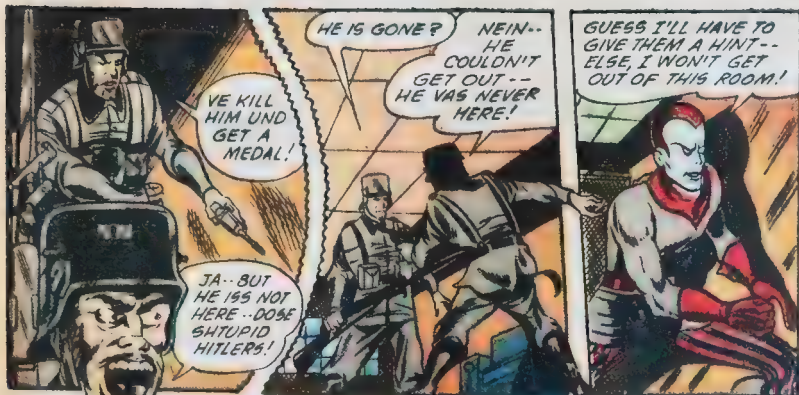
DONDER!
LET ME GO!



GUARDS -- DER
DESTROYER!
HE'S IN DER...
GET HIM!

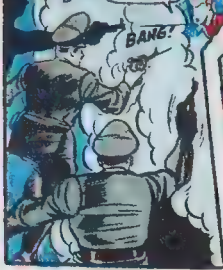
JAWOHL!

TIME TO GO INTO
HIDING, I'D
SAY!



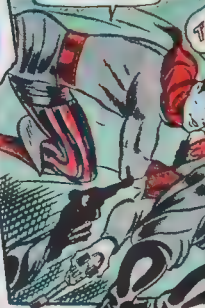
THE LITTLE HITLERS
FIRE--

SAVE
OURSELVES!
STOP SHAKING,
YOU BRAVE
GUYS, AND
MAYBE YOU'LL
HIT ME!



DESTROYER LEAPS ---

DROP THOSE GUNS,
YOU MoustACHED
HORRORS!



AND AT A WELL GUARDED
DOOR IN THE CORRIDOR AHEAD.

LISTEN--
TROUBLE!
JA! VE MUST SEE
VHAT ISG WRONG
OR DER FUEHRER
VILL SHOOT
US!



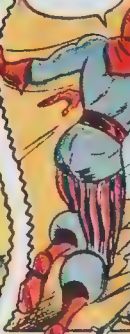
THE GUARDS RUSH TO THE ROOM
AND STOP SHORT--

HIMMEL! IT'S
DER DESTROYER!



SHOOT,
DUMBKOPF!

HEIL,
HITLER!



THEY'RE ALL OUT
COLD-- TOO BAD I
CAN'T RISK ANY
MORE SHOTS BEING
HEARD--



HMM -- NOW TO
FIND A GOOD PLACE
TO HIDE UNTIL THE
REAL HITLER GETS
BACK... THAT DOOR
LOOKS PROMISING!



DESTROYER ENTERS--
WELL, THIS IS LUCK--
LOOKS LIKE HITLER'S
PRIVATE
OFFICE!



THERE'S A LIGHT BEHIND
THOSE CURTAINS -- WONDER
WHAT...

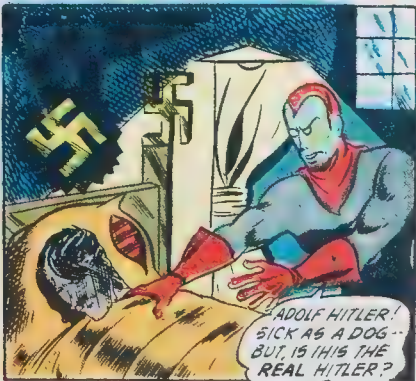


A BED?! NOW, WHAT IN
TARNATION IS A BED DO-
ING IN THIS OFFICE ---
SOMEONE'S IN IT, TOO!



THE DESTROYER
EDGES CLOSE
TO THE BED...

WELL,
I'LL
BE...
I
CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



ADOLF HITLER!
SICK AS A DOG --
BUT, IS THIS THE
REAL HITLER?

THEN...

THERE'S ANOTHER
DOOR -- AND
SOMEONE'S IN
THAT ROOM!



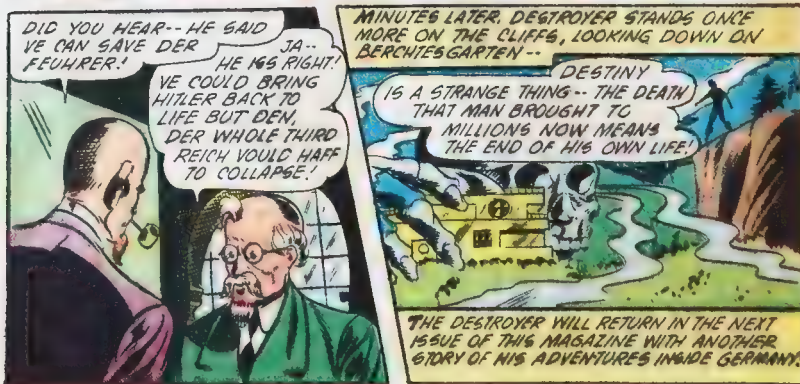
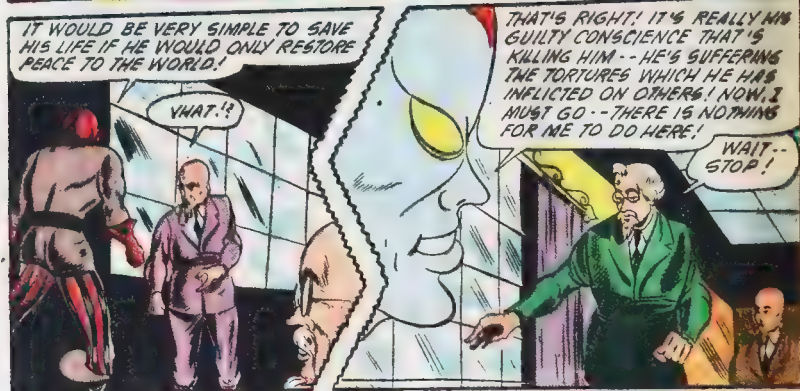
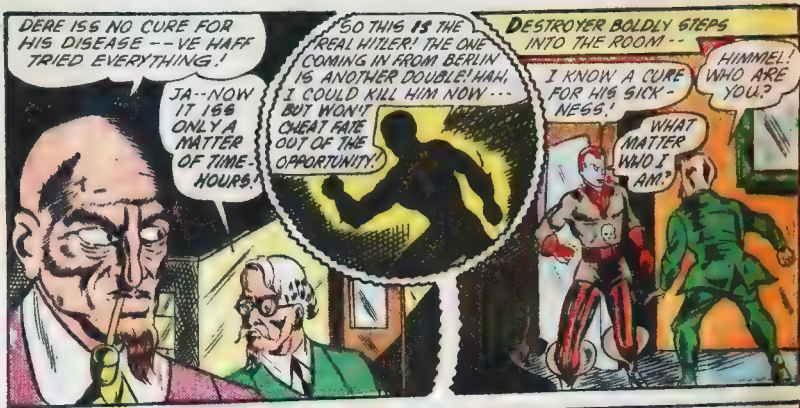
THE DESTROYER INVESTIGATES --

HE'S A VERY
SICK MAN
IT IS TOO
FAR ALONG
NOW...

DOCTORS!

ACH, YES!
IF DER
FEUHRER
HAD ONLY
LISTENED
TO US YEARS
AGO!





Let's Play DETECTIVE

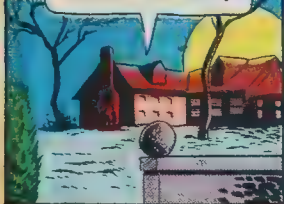
"THE MYSTERY OF
THE
GHOST KILLER"
by Allen Bellman

FLASH--HERE IS AN IMPORTANT NEWS BULLETIN--RICHARD RANES, NOTED AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED ANTI-FASCIST BOOK "NAZIS IN AMERICA" HAS BEEN FOUND MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED IN HIS PRIVATE STUDY!

BUT, MIKE--HOW DID THE KILLER GAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PRIVATE STUDY? THE ROOM IS LOCATED ON THE SECOND FLOOR--THE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE--WE HAD TO BREAK DOWN THE DOOR OURSELVES!



THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT, RYAN---COME ON! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND OUTSIDE!



HMM! THIS IS JUST BELOW THE ROOM WHERE RANES WAS MURDERED--OH, OH--WHAT'S THIS!



RYAN--ROUND UP THE FAMILY HOUSEHOLD FOR QUESTIONING!

SURE THING, MIKE!



MR. RANES LIVED HERE BY HIMSELF---WE, THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF, WERE THE ONLY ONES PRESENT AT THE TIME OF MR. RANES' DEATH!



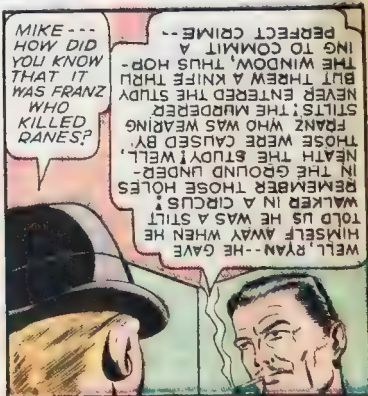
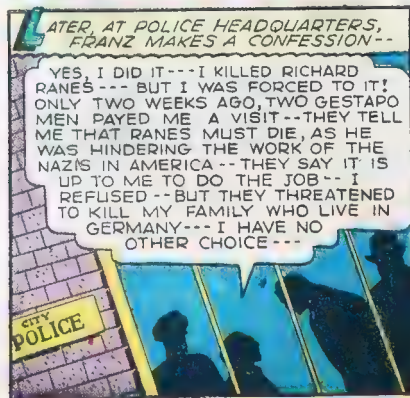
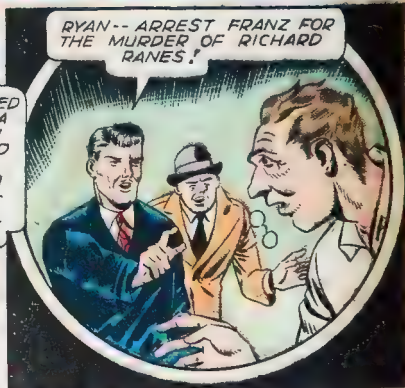
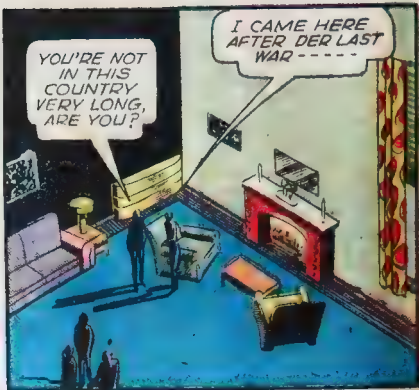
OKAY THEN--I'LL START WITH YOU--YOU'RE THE BUTLER I GATHER--TELL ME--WHERE WERE YOU AT THE TIME RICHARD RANES WAS MURDERED? AND WHAT WAS YOUR OCCUPATION BEFORE COMING TO WORK FOR MR. RANES?

I WAS IN THE KITCHEN HAVING A SNACK--AS FOR MY OCCUPATION PRIOR TO MY EMPLOYMENT HERE, I WORKED FOR THE VANDERBILTS FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS!



I WAS MR. RANES' SECRETARY--I WAS MIXING MYSELF A DRINK AT THE BAR WHEN I HEARD MR. RANES CALL FOR HELP! I WORKED WITH MR. RANES FOR MANY YEARS--BUT BEFORE BECOMING HIS SECRETARY, I WAS CONNECTED WITH A PUBLISHING CONCERN!



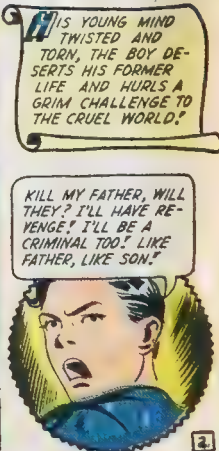
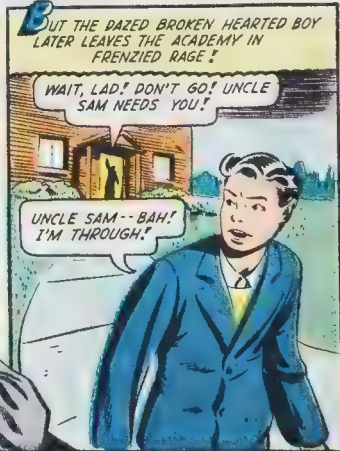
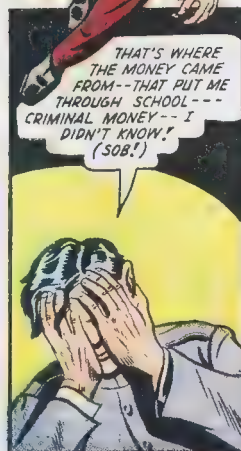


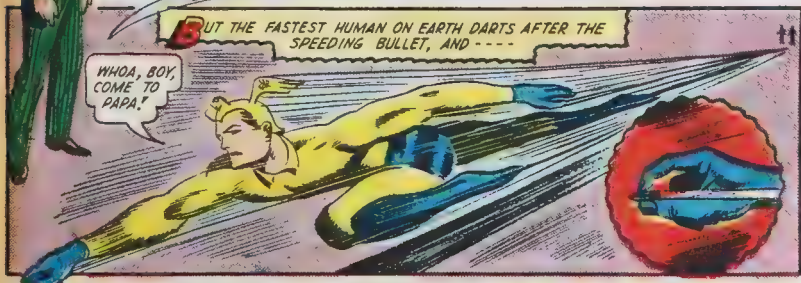
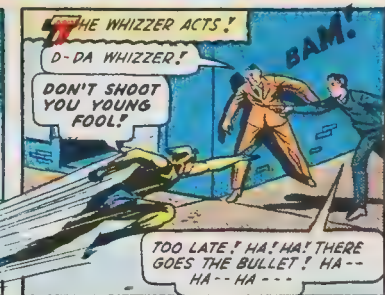
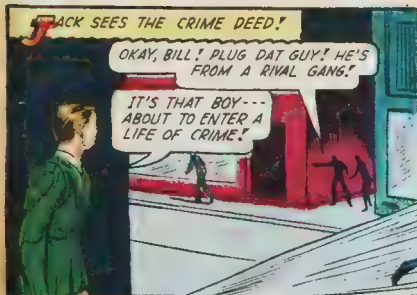
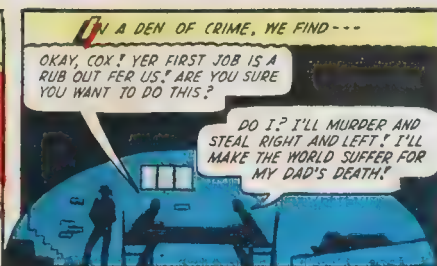
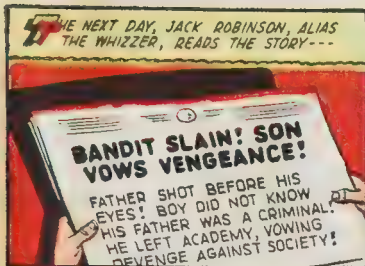


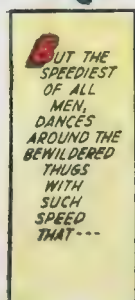
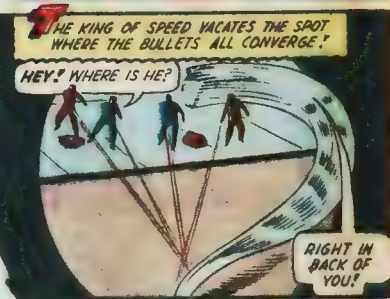
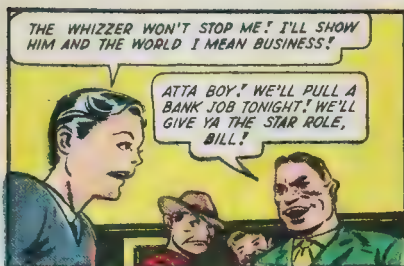
AT MANSON MILITARY ACADEMY, YOUNG CADET BILL COX IS VISITED BY HIS FATHER ...

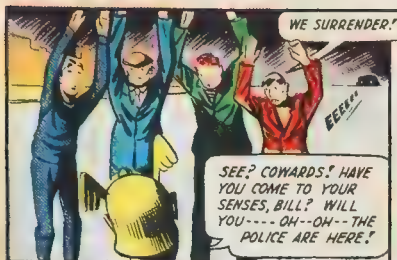
GEE, DAD! I GRADUATE IN A MONTH AND I'LL GO IN THE AIR CORP AS A LIEUTENANT, THANKS TO YOU! IT'S YOUR MONEY THAT MADE IT POSSIBLE!











WE SURRENDER!

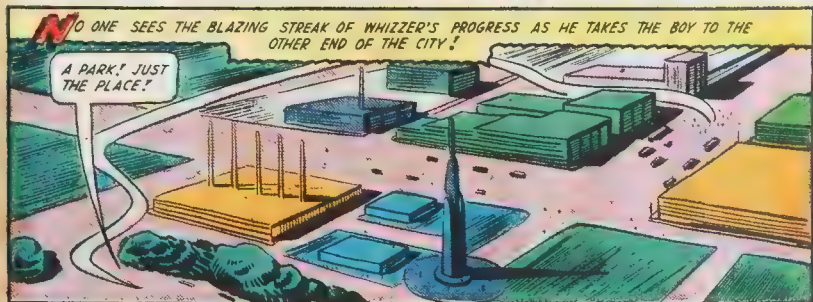
SEE? COWARDS! HAVE YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES, BILL? WILL YOU--- OH--OH--THE POLICE ARE HERE!



THE POLICE ARRIVE----

THANKS, WHIZZER! WE GOT THE GANG! I'LL TAKE THAT KID, TOO!

GOT TO GET BILLY AWAY-- BUT FAST!



NO ONE SEES THE BLAZING STREAK OF WHIZZER'S PROGRESS AS HE TAKES THE BOY TO THE OTHER END OF THE CITY!

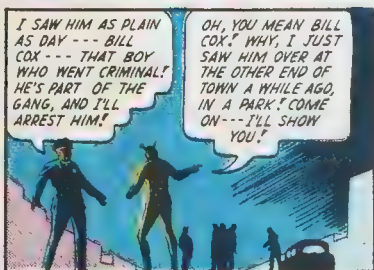
A PARK! JUST THE PLACE!



AND EXACTLY ONE SECOND LATER----

WHERE'S THE KID?

WHAT KID, OFFICER? THERE WAS NO ONE HERE!



I SAW HIM AS PLAIN AS DAY --- BILL COX --- THAT BOY WHO WENT CRIMINAL! HE'S PART OF THE GANG, AND I'LL ARREST HIM!

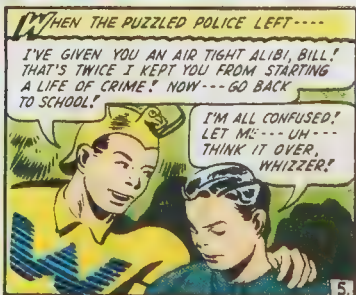
OH, YOU MEAN BILL COX? WHY, I JUST SAW HIM OVER AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN A WHILE AGO, IN A PARK! COME ON--- I'LL SHOW YOU!



LATER... AT THE PARK----

HUH? BILL COX?

THERE? YOU SEE? HOW COULD BILL COX BE AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN ROBBING A BANK WHEN HE WAS MILES AWAY ALL THE TIME?



WHEN THE PUZZLED POLICE LEFT----

I'VE GIVEN YOU AN AIR TIGHT ALIBI, BILL! THAT'S TWICE I KEPT YOU FROM STARTING A LIFE OF CRIME! NOW--- GO BACK TO SCHOOL!

I'M ALL CONFUSED! LET ME--- UH--- THINK IT OVER, WHIZZER!

OKAY? I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! IF YOU NEED ANY MONEY, CALL AT THE HOME OF MY FRIEND, JACK ROBINSON! HE'LL HELP YOU!

THE NEXT NIGHT, JACK ROBINSON WAITS PATIENTLY AT HIS APARTMENT.....

I HOPE HE COMES! IF HE DOESN'T, IT MEANS HE'S DECIDED ON HIS CRIMINAL CAREER! AH! A KNOCK AT THE DOOR!

HELLO, BILL -- GOSH, I'M GLAD YOU --- WAIT --- WHO'S WITH YOU???

NAZI AGENTS, YOU FOOL!

UP MIT DER HANDS, SWINE!

TALK, DIB! YOU ARE A FRIEND OF DER WHIZZER! TELL US HIS SECRET OF SPEED! WE WANT TO USE IT IN DER NAZI ARMY!

WHY NOT LET THE WHIZZER HIMSELF TELL HIS SECRET? HERE HE COMES NOW!

HUH?

FASTER SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN SEE --- KEEPING HIS DOUBLE ROLE A SECRET, WHIZZER MAKES GOOD HIS APPEARANCE!

HELLO! I DIDN'T KNOW JACK HAD COMPANY!

GOOT! DER WHIZZER! NOW YOU WILL SHOW US DER SECRET OF YOUR SPEED OR ELSE --

ACH --- HIMMEL!

GLAD TO OBLIGE! LESSON NUMBER ONE --- YOU BECOME A HUMAN TOP --- LIKE THIS!



THEN YOU WHIRL YOUR OPPONENT 'TILL HE'S DIZZY!

HALLUP?!

OHNNNNNNNN!

THEN YOU LET THEM
FLY LIKE THIS!

NOW YOU
LITTLE--

GOOD WORK, WHIZZER!
WAIT--LET ME EXPLAIN! I
DID COME TO MY SENSES
YESTERDAY---I NOT ONLY
WANTED TO GO STRAIGHT, BUT
ATONE FOR WHAT I HAD
DONE! SO WHEN THESE
NAZIS CONTACTED ME, I LED
THEM HERE!

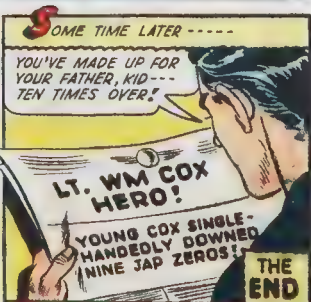
YOW!

GOSH!
I'M TOO EAGER
TO GET BACK TO THE ACADEMY!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT! I WISH
I WAS---



--- BACK THERE NOW!

YOU ARE BACK, BILL!
NOW GET BACK IN
YOUR CADET UNIFORM!
IN A MONTH, YOU'RE
GOING TO BE ONE OF
UNCLE SAM'S BEST
PILOTS! I'M
SURE OF IT!



SOME TIME LATER ----

YOU'VE MADE UP FOR
YOUR FATHER, KID---
TEN TIMES OVER!

**LT. WM COX
HERO!**

**YOUNG COX SINGLE-
HANDEDLY DOWNED
NINE JAP ZEROS!**

**THE
END**

WHEE

17
64
81

1+8=9

HI FELLERS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO
EARN MONEY AND PRIZES

FOR VICTORY

BUY WAR STAMPS

Uncle Sam needs your help in winning this war. You can do your share by obtaining War Stamps. Send the coupon on the bottom of this page and learn how you can earn War Stamps and prizes by delivering Collier's to regular customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood.

BASEBALL GLOVE
AND BALL

CURTIS P-40



G-MAN SET

FISHING OUTFIT

WRIST WATCH

HANDAXE



CAMERA



You Can
Win These
PRIZES
Without
Cost!



It's fun! It's easy, earning MONEY and PRIZES the Collier's way. Don't envy other fellows who have money to spend whenever they want it. Build up a business of your own that will put CASH in your pocket every week, in addition to which you can earn War Saving Stamps and lots of swell prizes like the ones pictured on this page. All you have to do is deliver Collier's, the popular national weekly, to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. If other fellows can pile up cash profits, War Saving Stamps and prizes—you can do it too! Remember, you earn BOTH cash and prizes. Don't waste another moment "wishing." Fill out and mail coupon today. Hurry! Don't let your pals beat you to it.

TO START—WRITE JIM THAYER, CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

FILL OUT—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Mr. Jim Thayer DEPT. 13
Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Start at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Saving Stamps.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official
PLANE models

BOY, WHAT A
PLANE! HOW'D
YOU MAKE IT?

CINCH! I USED
AN X-ACTO
SET—FOR
SPEED AND
ACCURACY!

SOME KNIFE!
AND THE
BLADES ARE
SO EASY TO
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE—
IN ABOUT
SECOND; 8
BLADES, TOO
—ONE FOR
EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE PAY-
OFF—A BIG, DETAILED
INSTRUCTION BOOK—
FREE!

GEE! I WANT
TO MAKE NAVY
MODELS, TOO!
I'LL ASK DAD
FOR A SET!

OO, GEE,
DAD—
THANKS A
MILLION!

SURE, SON.
HERE'S THE
MONEY—
YOU'VE EARNED
UNCLE SAM'S
RIGHT NOW!

Free!

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FOR DEFENSE", profusely illustrated.
Chock full of information. Also contains
actual plans of several planes. FREE
to you with your X-ACTO
order.

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Just four parts... the solid handle, the hollow sleeve, the split collet, the world's keenest blades. SLEEVE: $\frac{1}{4}$ turn clockwise releases blade. Unscrew sleeve, slip off and see split collet, which grips blade, like lathe collets grip work. Collet taper shows why only $\frac{1}{4}$ turn of sleeve loosens or tightens blade. Fast? You'll say so!

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ON
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\$3.50
Complete

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**EITHER
50¢**

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DEPT. 1012, 446-4th
AVENUE, NEW YORK, 16, N.Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund. Also enclose gift I am entitled to as per your special offer.
☐ I will pay postman \$..... plus postage on arrival.
☐ Enclosed send \$..... in full payment.
☐ X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82—\$3.50 ☐ Kit No. 82—\$2.00
☐ No. 1 (light)..... with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 51—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00. ☐ No. 2 (heavy)—with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.

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